

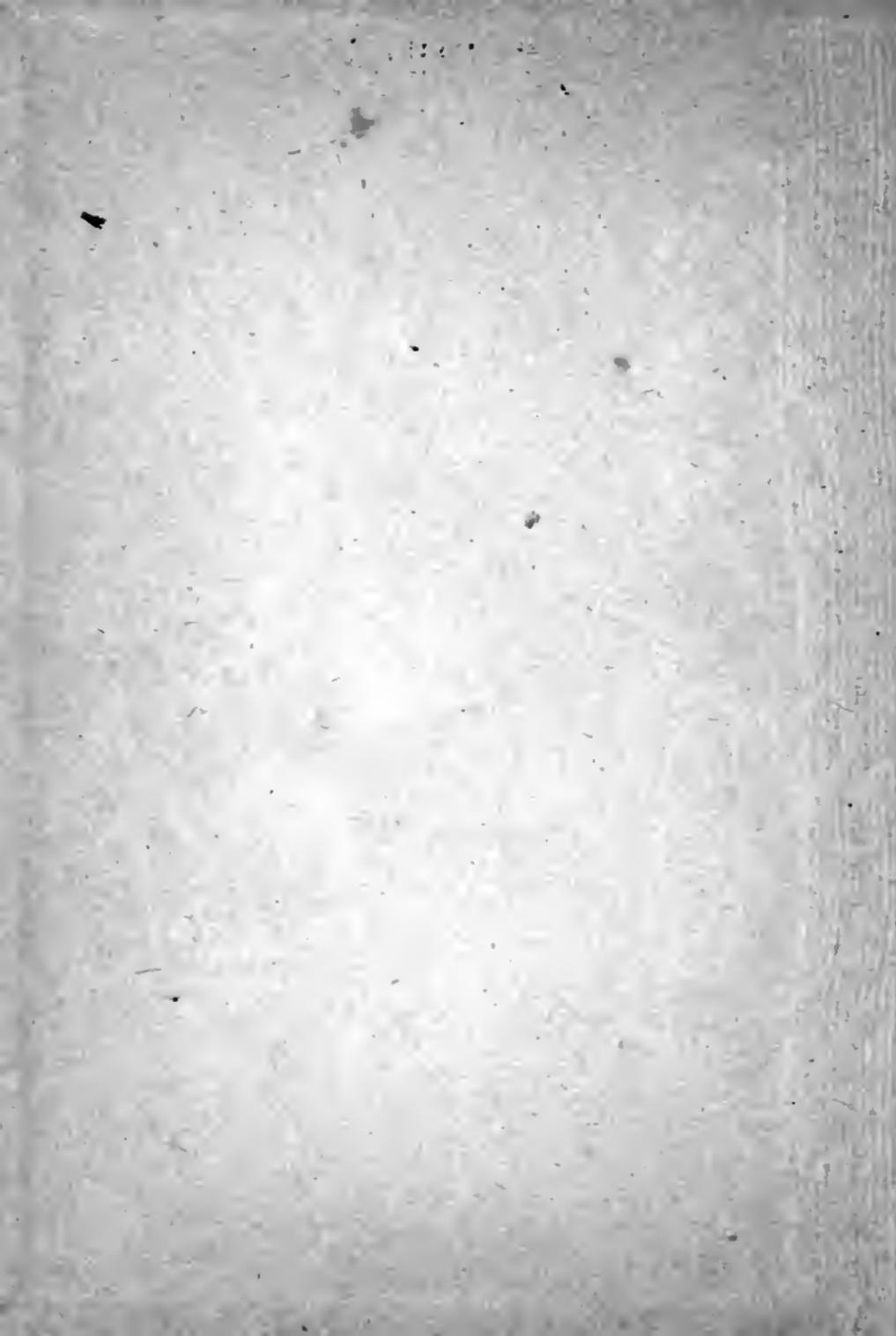
# AS WE SAW IT

IN

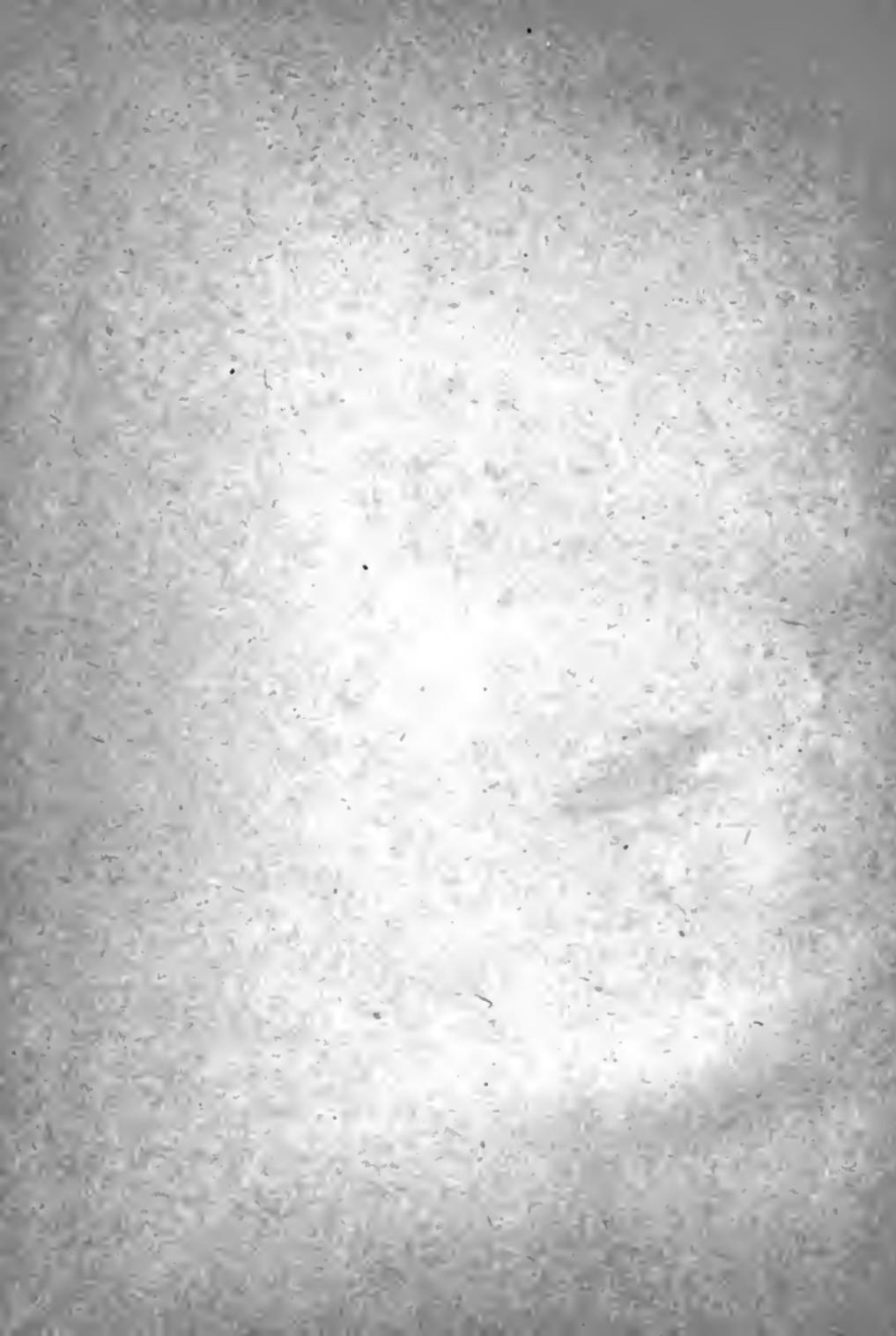
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1890

Grace Carey Sheldon



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A S W E S A W I T

I N

'90

B Y

GRACE CAREW SHELDON

BUFFALO  
PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE  
298 MAIN STREET

—  
MDCCCXC

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**GRACE CAREW SHELDON.**

Lizzie H. Zerega  
1892

TO MY FRIEND,

*F. A. CRANDALL.*

*“ Go, little book ; God give thee good passage.”*

*—CHAUCER.*

## NOTA BENE.

WHEN a child, I used to think prefaces were invented for the especial convenience of children, who loved to say on the heading, "Peter Rice eats frogs and catches eagles," and backwards *ad libitum*; hence this N. B.

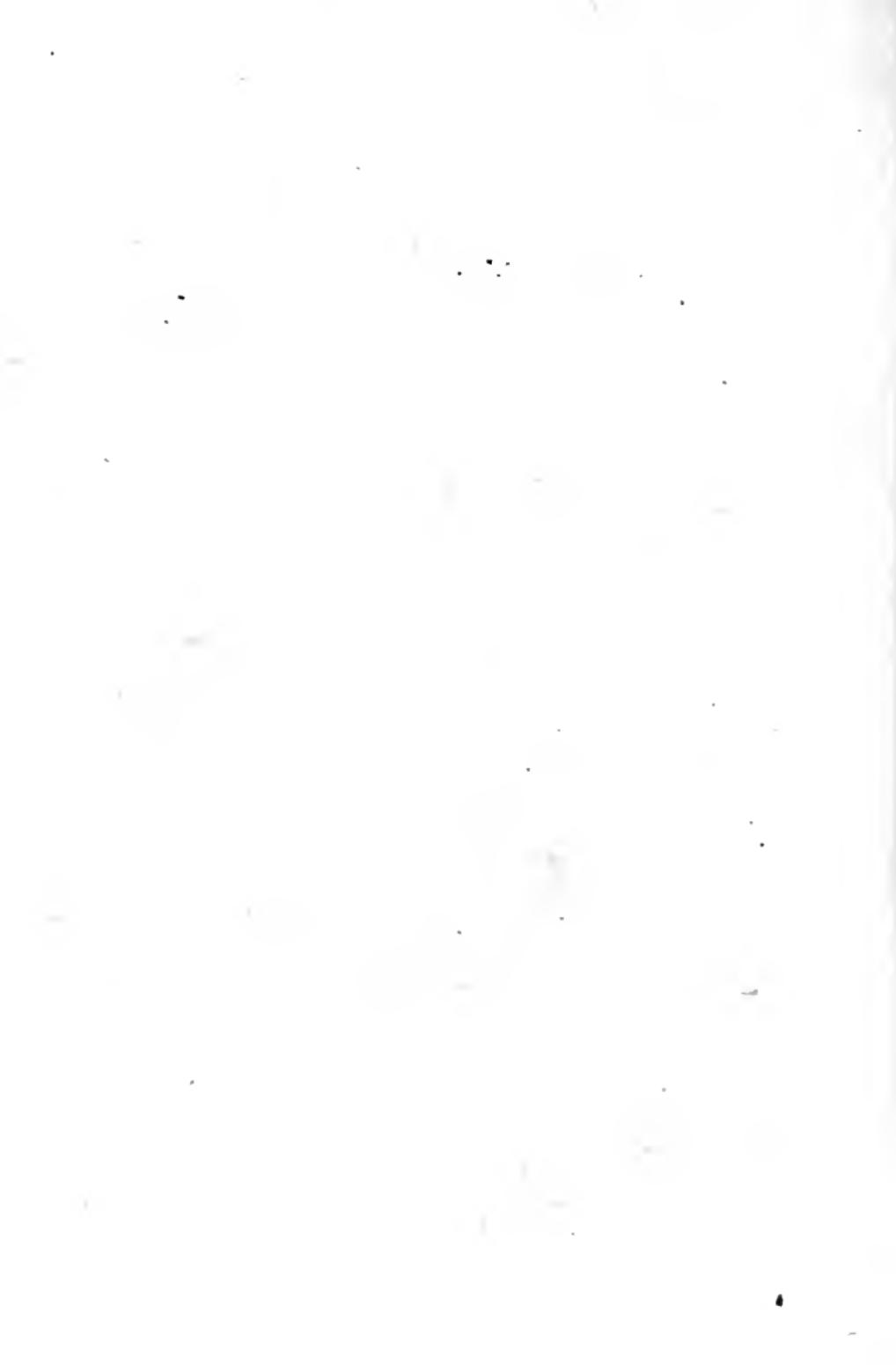
'Tis only to say, however, that these letters were originally written for the *Courier*, during the summer of 1890, while "on the wing." This meant writing late into the night to catch a steamer, in the barest of rooms, by tallow-dips or *bougies*, on trains, in stations—in fact, whenever and wherever a quiet spot was obtained.

They, therefore, make no pretense, but would gladly be of assistance to future travelers, who may be fortunate enough to tread the same paths they tell of.

I desire to thank, in this public manner, every man, woman or child, no matter how humble, who in any way contributed to our comfort or enjoyment while abroad; trusting any word of praise I may have said, will bring its own reward. Also, to thank home-keeping friends for prayers and good wishes, which followed us everywhere.

G. C. S.

THE EVERGREENS, 1094 Main Street,  
BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1890.



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## LETTER I.

### ON SHIPBOARD.

*Some of the Queer Fellow-Passengers—A Troupe of Stage People—Arrival at Queenstown—Warm Welcome from an Old Woman.*

STEAMSHIP CITY OF CHICAGO, June 18, 1890.

THIS is our seventh day at sea. We know the *Majestic*, which sailed the same hour as we did, is no doubt two days ahead of us, yet those of our party who are good sailors lie back in our steamer chairs and contentedly wish for nothing better than to go on for seven days more. The voyage thus far has been an unusual one, as we have encountered very little fog, and absolutely no stormy weather. The sea is far from calm, however, as we are getting the tail of a storm, which for thirty-six hours, aided by a strong southwest wind, has kept our ship actively engaged in bathing first her right and then her left side in the sea. Fortunately she is broadly built and takes no "wicked water," to speak nautically. This gives her a dactylic style of motion, one long and

two short rolls, which is much more restful than the monotonous motion usual to narrower and faster steamships. To those desiring a steady ship I would heartily recommend the *Chicago*. I am told by authority that during the severest winter passages she seldom ships water, and that the percentage of food consumed is greater, and the breakage of crockery less, on her than on any steamer of her size afloat.

During this trip the tables have been filled even when she was pivoting about the worst, and while she certainly rolls she does it in a style of her own that is not conducive to sea-sickness or loss of appetite.

Her officers are all courteous, and have done a great deal for the comfort of our party. The head steward, Allan McLeod, or "McLeod of Dare," as we have christened him, being an old friend, gratifies our every wish, and as a kindly head steward can do much more for a passenger than even the ship's captain, since he carries the keys, we are certainly fortunate. The chief engineer is the senior engineer of the Inman line, and Mr. Kavanagh, the purser, also enjoys seniority; but he prefers the *Chicago* to either the *New York* or *Paris*, and so say we all of us.

As to the passengers, they have furnished us a fund of amusement. By degrees we have become

acquainted with most of them and have selected as friends a dozen, whom we hope to know better in the future. The survival of the fittest obtains here as on land, and there does not exist a more favorable place in the world for developing mean and hidden personal traits than the raging main.

To begin with, there is Signor Sing-a-Ninny. For the first few days he appears on deck only towards evening, and as he speaks to no one and is "dark complected," we conjecture he is only able to use his native Italian tongue. By an unconscious process we discover later that he is not only an Irishman, but was born in New York.

We shall ever remember him in three attitudes. First, as he came above, attired in an exceedingly shabby steamer cap, faded ulster, and antique and spotted trousers. As he emerged upon deck he would take two cotton wads from either coat-pocket and deposit them in his ears, and since he always kept his mouth closed, we concluded this was to prevent any of his expensive tenor voice from escaping. After a brief and evidently painful stroll on deck he would assume the second attitude. Donning a pair of woolen gloves, the sight of which put one's teeth on edge, he would wrap himself in two Italian silk rugs, and recline his head against a "greenery yellery" silk-covered pine pillow, embroidered with something about "soft breezes"

and "pine spills." Thirdly, we remember him at supper, the usually jolly fourth and last meal of the day, with his Chinese style of moustache drooping about his mouth, as he consumed beer and ate Welsh rarebit, while leaning his pomaded head upon a begemmed hand.

When our charity concert came off he refused to sing. We all knew he would, but the next afternoon he was prevailed upon to raise his voice by an Englishwoman we have named Miss Flitter, who has been actively engaged, much to our amusement, in flitting after him during the trip. He certainly is made of heroic stuff, and proved it by insulting one of the passengers, an editor of the New York *Herald*, who he dared to accuse of taking a soiled red-silk handkerchief, saying if it could not be found he would hold him responsible for it at Liverpool. When, two minutes afterwards, it was found, he neglected to return and apologize. The editor, in deference to his wife, did not mop the deck with him, but, no doubt, a day of reckoning will come when Perugini least expects it. There ! I did not intend to tell his name, but as it has escaped me I'll let it stay said, although our nickname we felt was perfect.

T. Hurley, Esq., was another character. If you have never met him, you should hope to do so;

and if you have, you know exactly what a loyal American he is, and how cleverly and logically he defends his country from the word attacks made upon it by John Bull, and his son or daughter. These have perhaps seen only New York, and consequently feel they know all there is worth knowing about the United States. He travels always with a full-fledged American flag, once taken by Rebels and then left behind in their flight. It is scarred and tattered, but has probably made as many, if not more, journeys than any other flag of its age. "I carry a paper upon me saying, if I die suddenly, wrap me in this flag, and slide me into the sea or earth, wherever I am," said Mr. Hurley one day. Eccentric but loyal Mr. Hurley, we honor you!

From the South we had cotton-growers and horse-dealers going out for Percherons. One of their number was a man who got to be as great a curiosity as the "Man in the Iron Mask." He never appeared at table, on deck, or at a card party, given by his set, without his hands in a soiled pair of dark-red kid gloves. Both hands were his own, as we could tell from the way in which he used them, and even the men were anxious to know the reason for this strange freak, but we never had our curiosity satisfied.

A Dr. G—— and his daughter entertained us

immensely. He has a college for missionaries at Bow, by Whitechapel in London, and has been for a trip to Australia. He brushes his hair all off his face in imitation of Henry Ward Beecher and has the most sanctimonious countenance I ever beheld. He certainly did not speak to a dozen people on board, but when he and his daughter took their walks abroad they were heard to rave over Ruskin or Beethoven (she being very musical), or he repeated some of the profound poems or sermons he had been inspired to write that day. I am quite sure they hardly realized they trod the vulgar deck of a steamer, so above the common herd were they as they chewed their intellectual cuds in unison.

No doubt the doctor is a profound student, and they say his book, "The Approaching End of the Age," is worth reading, but I cannot appreciate people who look ready to be translated at any moment. They are too uncanny for this age of a-go-as-you-please scramble for bread and butter. The daughter did not know where cotton came from—I did want to tell her on cotton sheep—and she said, "It must be awfully jolly to be beautiful."

She approached one of the loveliest young women on board one day and said: "Do you belong to God?"

“Yes, ma’m, I hope so,” she answered meekly.

After this we used to say, “Do you belong to God—or the troupe?” for among us were a number of specialists, returning from a fourteen-weeks’ trip under Tony Pastor’s management. It was known they were on board when we sailed, and each group suspected every other group of being *the troupe*. At last it was possible to identify them, and we found them very amusing. The men of the party were five in number, two wonderful gymnasts and three who did “the leg business,” as they called it—high kickers, in other words. Then there was Miss Rose S—, the greatest Irish ballad singer, and Mlle. V—, a contortionist. The latter invited us to her state-room one morning to see her exercise. This she is compelled to do every day, for fear her muscles will stiffen. I really never saw anything more extraordinary. She twisted herself into every attitude imaginable, with the greatest ease, and said she “would just as soon stand on ‘er ‘ed or ‘er ‘ands as ‘er feet.” She, with Miss S—, make the round of three theaters nightly in London, or, as she explained it in her own words: “We goes to the first theeater, gets hinto hour tights, goes on the stage, does hour hact, goes hoff, hundresses, jumps into a ‘ansom, goes to the second theeater, gets hinto hour tights, goes on to the stage, does

hour hact, goes hoff, hundresses, jumps into a 'ansom, goes to the third theeater, gets hinto hour tights, does hour hact, goes hout, gets into hour 'ansom and then 'ome." Mlle. V—— gave me her photograph, and we all promised we would go to see her do "'er hact" in London.

The Delevine brothers, who were with her, perform only seven minutes, and one of them, who seemed a gentleman, told me that finding he could earn as much every evening in seven minutes as he could by hard work in seven days, much against his parents' wishes, had gone on the stage. He played the mandolin and sang pleasing melodies, and altogether they entertained us and varied the usual monotony of an ocean trip.

We had, of course, the Rev. Mr. Psalm-Creed. He belonged to "the church" and regularly talked you sleepy. He was the essence of politeness, had traveled everywhere, and knew everybody, or some one related to them; but his conversations were as long as the litany on a hot Sunday, politeness barring your right to exclaim, except mentally, "Good Lord, deliver us!" It took practice to take a nap and wake up in time to say yea or nay in the correct place, and he filled one's ideal of the type of mankind described in "Patience," viz.:

"What a most particularly pure young man,  
This pure young man must be."

Of course we had the aristocratic lady from Baltimore and her daughter, who neglected to be polite, and the lady and simpering daughter from Brooklyn, who had a most unhappy trip. Sitting beside her the first day out, a gentleman accidentally saw she had written in her diary: "We do not think there are any people on board we shall care to know." The next morning I rescued a sheet of letter paper, well written over, from going into the sea. In order that I might return it to the owner I glanced hastily down the first page, and hereon found this same idea expressed in a more prolix manner. Under the circumstances I felt rather awkward in handing it to her, but we all found out it was her first trip, that her husband was rich and owned a yacht, and that they did not know how long they should be abroad or where they were going. We called her "Mrs. Miller" and the daughter "Daisy," and the younger brother quite completed the trio, as he was very restless and inclined to know people.

Mons. La Grippe had sent a number of his victims to sea in this boat. They came on board as a last resort, and I am happy to state we will have all of them walking about and feeling very cheerful before we land.

CORK, June 20, 1890.

This letter was interrupted by the many things that were crowded in at the last—attending to luggage, feeing stewards, saying good-bye, with honest regret to many, and finally on Friday at noon seeing, quite as soon as the captain, the first Irish bull ever made, a huge rock which, with the cow and calf, tell us our journey is almost over. Five hours of drifting past the huge inlets of the Irish coast brings us to Queenstown, and we leave the ship at 12 o'clock on the tender *Flying Fox*. From the Daily *Corkscrew* or *Examiner* we learn that Mary Anderson, the pale and stately, has wedded been, and that some nine has beaten the Buffalos. Such interesting and depressing news, all in one paper, gives us a clear idea of what has transpired in our country during the last ten days.

Amid cheers, good-byes, and waving handkerchiefs, we leave our good ship, with her myriad port-holes glaring with light, and are soon at Queenstown. We enjoy an easy passage through the new and perfectly appointed custom house, thanks to Mr. Manifold and his kind attentions, and by 1.30 A. M. are in the Queen's Hotel. Here we can keep gangway in the corridors and soon find ourselves in a bed which doesn't rock beneath us. The first night's rest is heavenly! We love the sea, but we also love the land!

Early the following morning we discover a grand yachting race is on. The harbor of Queenstown, one of the very finest in the world, is alive with crafts of many kinds, brilliant with bunting, and yet we must not linger. Up the River Lee we go in a steam-yacht part way to Cork, and then quite there by train. Exclamations burst from all at the beauty of the scene, and at last Cork is reached. From here we drive out to Blarney Castle, a few rods from the station of Blarney. The ruin is everything that a ruin with any pride about it should be, and we, of course, kiss the famous stone blessed by Father Prout seven times, each kiss adding seven years to our lives. Good-natured Mrs. Ford, who shows us about, assures us we are sure to be married now, and hopes we may return with our husbands to prove her words come true.

We gather shamrock and yellow vetch and pick up crow's feathers in the castle, and bright yellow taraxicum (the English dandelion) in the fields beyond. It is twice the size of ours and has three nicks on the edge of each petal. After a glimpse of the Tower through the "peep-hole" in the old stone bridge of the village, we have a luncheon in a quaint hotel, over which we wandered *ad libitum* while the hostess prepared our food. Her kitchen ceiling is ornamented with flanks of bacon.

It must hang there in dust and mould for a twelvemonth, she says, and then, being soaked twenty-four hours, cuts like glass and is delicious to eat.

Once more in Cork, we take a jaunting-car, "and have the mostest fun" driving about to see Queen's College and by the Sunday Well road to Shandon Church, whose bells would have sounded very grand on the River Lee if they had only chimed for us. As it was we became interested in a strayed or stolen red heifer, which was advertised by placards stuck up on every spare spot on wall or fence, and in the remarkably old men and women we met. The former wear huge black circulars. If married, this has a hood; if single, a cape. 'Tis the event in a woman's life when she gets this garment, for it costs five and six pounds sterling and must last a lifetime, being of heavy cloth.

Three o'clock finds us in a third-class railway carriage for Bantry. We have as companions opposite us two women, a little girl, a boy and a typical old Irishman, wearing an antique silk hat, with his belongings done up in a red-cotton handkerchief. One of us offers the boy tuppence for his seat by the window. He rises at once, changes seats with her, but, to our amazement, refuses the reward. This act puts him

beside a comrade, and we discover, after several questions, that they are on their way to join the training ship, the *Shannon*, in Bantry Bay, and have come all the way from Galway that day.

During conversation the old woman opposite discovers we are not as other folks are, and in a moment of enthusiasm rises, and, seizing me by the hand, cries out :

“Are yez from Ameriky? Then welcome to ould Ireland!”

This completely breaks the ice. I give the small girl an American penny, we answer no end of questions, and finally my old friend says :

“Have yez no elastic on yer hat?”

“No,” I answer, and, drawing out my hat-pin, I completely transfix her mentally with it, and had it not been my only one, she should have had it for her cleverness in observing. As she approaches her station she rises, and saying, “Me name’s Mrs. Haley; what might yur name be?” she points out her house, not far off from the road, and politely invites us all to come and see her if we return that way. Should I live for a hundred years, I shall never forget her unexpected welcome, and trust it is an omen of many good times to come in this sunny Emerald Isle.

## LETTER II.

### IRISH SCENES.

*The Dreadful Poverty of the Peasantry—A Priest up Before a Court—He is Accused of Incendiary Speeches Against an Episcopal Clergyman.*

GLENGARIFFE, COUNTY CORK, IRELAND,  
June 23, 1890.

IN my last letter I left you at Bantry. Here our third-class carriage drew up exactly opposite the stage-coach stand, where an Irish Jehu stood ready to help us mount his red-wheeled vehicle. This we did with alacrity, getting front seats, while our more stylish friends were coming from their first-class cars, up in the front of the train. How glad we were to be once more in the fresh air, which here was salt from the sea, I need not emphasize. Suffice to say, when under way we found our driver civil and witty and wide awake to all the often-seen beauty of his native land.

In answer to my question: "Have you any relations in America?" he replied:

"I have, Miss—thray brothers, and they are all coachmin."

"You should come over, too, and try your luck. You seem a good whip."

"I am, Miss, be nayture. Me fayther had fur sons, and every wan of them clung to the tail uv a horse."

After this, between chirruping to his four horses and pointing out the various beauties of the country, he confessed that, being "tharty-wan," he had concluded 'twas "time to sittle down," and that, having selected "a sinsible gurrl—should she be willin'"—he 'ud go over to Ameriky when the sayson was over." Of course I assured him it was the very best plan.

Since then I have learned that, in order to get a husband, every Irish girl in this part of the country has to earn or obtain in some way thirty-five shillings English money with which to pay the marriage fee. With that once in her hand she can easily be the belle of the county and marry any disengaged man. Let us hope his sweetheart has her *dot* and that their wedding may come off in the autumn.

I am going to tell you a little about this very rare drive from Bantry to Glengariffe. American tourists in Ireland do not as a rule take it, since to get to Killarney from Cork by rail, *via* Mallow, is so easy a matter. With an atlas you can follow me, and, I am sure, should you ever land

at Queenstown, you will be glad to know of such a route in advance.

Leaving Bantry at 6.30 we were two hours winding in and out about the three arms of Bantry Bay which intervene between Bantry and Glengariffe. Our path was a gradual ascent, our guide-post a tree upon a high and distant hill. Each turn of the road gave us new views of sea and land, and the incoming tide murmured a sea-song in perfect harmony with the sunset glow that beautified each rock and tree. Nearly out at sea on Widdy Island sat the "Old Maid of Erin" in her stone chair. We would not have her interpreted by our guide to be "nought but an old ruin, mum." At a turn in the road about half-way to Glengariffe he pointed out to us the most miserable hut, I verily believe, in existence.

"'Tis there, Miss, lives auld Cathérine Shay. She's nearly ninety years auld. See the schmoke cuming out av her chimbley. No doot the auld leddy is now preparin' her tabble-de-hote," he explained.

As for seeing the pig in the parlor, "the gentleman who pays the rint," or the Irish canary, as they call him, "because he sings so sweet," such a sight grew too common to notice.

We have some well-kept horses in front of us, to change the unpleasant scene, until after passing

through a fairy-like grove between walls covered with rare ferns, and topped with rhododendrons, creepers of great variety, roses in profusion, holly, arbutus, and yew, we draw up before our hotel, "The Eccles."

Now I am not going to recommend this hotel, for the reason that it is fashionable, expensive, and, worse than all, important. The fact is, the Prince of Wales, or Whales, as we call him, once "stopped here" some fifteen or twenty years ago, and ever since then the hotel and its proprietors have had a very bad case of "La Grippe"—or, in English, "the grip"—upon the purse of the traveling American. In fact we concluded the "grip" originated here. Be that as it may, after being duly fleeced, we tried another of the three hotels here, and found it suited in every way to cater both to our appetites, tired bodies, and letters of credit. Yes, the *Bellevue* is well named! It had "liss furnitoor than the Eccles, to be sure, but more views, mum," as the landlord put it, and that was what we wanted.

From our windows Glengariffe Bay, with its many odd-shaped islands, one of them a perfect triangle, could be seen at its best, and the view at once claimed our attention. Perched on the top of its most distant and rugged peninsula, stood

the ruin of a martello tower built in 1815 by the English. A visit to it was at once planned.

Once on the bay, Glengariffe Castle loomed in sight.

"Is that a castle?" I asked of the guide.

"It is, mum."

"Who lives in it now?"

"Payple, mum."

"What's their name?"

"Mr. Whitemum."

"Mr. White?"

"Mr. Whitemum."

"Is his name Mr. White?"

"Mr. Whitemum."

Query—What was the owner's name?

As we approach the old tower I spy a hut beneath it in the rock.

"Who lives up there?" I asked.

"Folks, mum," he answers.

"How did those goats get on that island?" I ask, seeing some animals a long way off from any habitation.

"They boats 'em over, mum."

"Who—the people in that house over there?"

"Don't know, mum,"—and don't care either, he might have added.

In the rector of the picturesque Episcopal Church, the Rev. Mr. Carey, we found and made

a friend. His is a quaint house, covered with roses and ivy, in the midst of a genuine old-fashioned flower-garden. He courteously welcomed us to, and gave us, the freedom of it, filling our arms with rarest flowers. These, of course, have faded, but the memories they accentuated will always remain.

Monday morning was warm and fair, a repetition of what we have had since landing, but we did not carry out our plan to coach to Killarney. We had received an invitation from Mr. Cecil R. Roche, R. M., to attend a trial that day at Bantry of a priest, Father Crowley of Goleen, for intimidating the Rev. Mr. Hopely of the same place, an Episcopal clergyman between seventy and eighty years old.

In a jaunting-car we took the same enchanting road back to Bantry we had traversed Saturday evening, only this time we stopped to gather ferns, iris, bog cotton, and various flowers, and finally drew up before the hut of Mrs. Shay. She was standing on the turf near the road, the picture of wretched neglect. I went towards her and won her heart by saying: "How do you do, Mrs. Shay," as I shook her hand. "We have come to see you."

"Arragh, and I've sane ye before, me dear," she replied.

Without contradicting her, I asked : "How old are you, Mrs. Shay?"

"Ninety, going on wan," she answered in a tremulous voice.

"May we go into your house, Mrs. Shay?" we asked in chorus, so anxious were we all to see what the interior could be like.

She showed plainly she was ashamed "for the loikes of us," as she said, "to see it ;" but this did not deter us. I had to stoop at the entrance, and my body made the windowless hut perfectly dark. Once in, I could see a glimmer of light which came down the chimney, under which a three-legged iron pot looked at home among some smoldering bits of peat. The smoke was circulating about the room, the floor was dirt, and I peered about to find a bed. This I discovered, at an arm's length from me, was merely a pallet of rags, and nestled beside it two tiny kittens! As I exclaimed, the mother cat came out of the bed, purring as happily as if in a palace. Mrs. Shay entered just here, evidently anxious to get me out, and I was glad to go, after a glimpse at the ceiling and walls, from which hung small stalactites of smoke deposit. I assure you that it is my earnest wish that never again shall I see such an evidence of a creature forgotton by humanity. "I've a lot of childer in Ameriky, but they niver

writes me anny more," she wailed out, and in fact she was rather misty upon the subject of their whereabouts.

A short drive brought us to Bantry, which was alive with people on the *qui vive* to see all there was to see. The women, barefooted, unkempt, and with big circulars thrown about them, kept pace with the men, who brandished shillalies and wore a green leaf in their hats, or a green ribbon in their button-holes.

By innocent questions I got a variety of information from the different people standing near me.

"What is going on to-day?" I asked a woman.

"Well, ye see, they are going to thry a praste."

"Indeed; for what cause?"

"Well, Miss," she answered, with rather a perplexed face, "they do say he forbade the young gurrls of his congregation goin' wid the constabulary."

"Why?" I innocently asked.

"Oh! these polacemen can dance on us whin they loike, ye see."

Two other excited women were in such a state that all they could say was: "Won't there be a ritin' at the day of judgment."

Just here the old clergyman, Mr. Hopely, gray and bowed down with years, quietly approached the court-room door, at which we were standing,

under the care of a sergeant of police. As he entered the door a young clergyman joined him and handed him a note.

The large square in which the court-house, a queer-shaped plaster building, was situated overlooked the Bay of Bantry.\* All streets leading into the town converged here, and at each street was placed either police, marines from the flag-ship *Shannon*, then in port, or soldiers from the garrison at Cork. The first attempt to pass the guard was made by a party of mounted men. They were turned back and told to dismount. Then came the priest in a cart with a body-guard of mounted men of every kind and description. In their hats were green leaves, and the foremost held a green banner, on which was printed "No Surrender." As they dashed into the square, the people waved and hurrahed; but their progress was stopped by the marines, and they were bid dismount.

Now, since I went to this trial quite unprejudiced, with a desire to get some idea of the state of feeling between the contending parties in this ill-fated country, I shall tell the story of what happened before my eyes.

Just after the advent of the prisoner we were admitted into the gallery opposite the reporters'

\* From out of this bay, in 1859, sailed the *Great Eastern*, with the first ocean cable, the invention of which created a new era in the world of news.

gallery, reserved for my party. It was about the size of a family pew, and from it we watched the two judges enter, and then the plaintiff, with witnesses on one side and the defendant on the other. The lawyer for the defendant, Mr. Shinkwin (or, as the journals of the day got it, Sherkwin and Shirkwin), was very busy arranging his papers, and his reverend client began at once to hobnob with him and make penciled notes. Opposite sat the Rev. Mr. Hopely, and by him two police sergeants, his witnesses, his lawyer, Crown Counsel Ronan, and the local solicitor.

As soon as they were seated a few people, all who could be seated, say one hundred, were admitted. The constabulary were numerous, one to at least every five persons present.

As soon as the case was called Mr. Shinkwin complained that all Father Crowley's witnesses had not been admitted.

Justice Roche said if he would give a list of



JUSTICE ROCHE.

those missing they should be admitted, but that the peace of this trial should not be broken by

men who desired to ride into court on horseback. At this Mr. Shinkwin sat down, giving no list.

Mr. Ronan now presented the case in terse language. He was a pale-faced, wiry man and more than a match for Mr. Shinkwin.

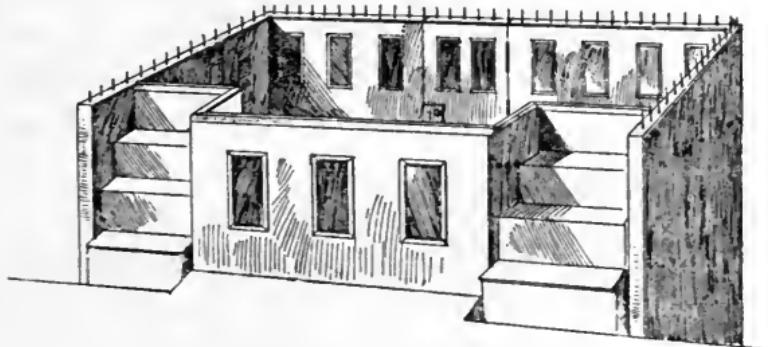
DURING CROSS-EXAMINATION. The trouble had all arisen from bad whisky, to wit: A man named Bagley, having been evicted, erected a hut on a piece of land belonging to the Established Church, opposite the Rev. Mr. Hopely's parsonage. On this same piece lived a man named Dunovan, who drank and was worthless. Upon returning one day from church, Mr. Hopely was approached on the high-road by this man, who, being wild with drink, flourished a whip over his



LISTENING TO TESTIMONY.

head, and was restrained fortunately from any violent act by a sergeant who was coming down the road, taken to the lockup and held for trial.

Strange to say, and perhaps not so strange either, having always lived at peace with Mr. Hopely, who was his pastor, he called him, along



ANTIQUE PRISONERS' DOCK IN BANTRY COURT HOUSE.

with Sergeant Ross, as a witness for him. Being duly sworn to "tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth," the Rev. Mr. Hopely and Sergeant Ross gave their statement of the case. As a result Dunovan was fined five shillings, or sentenced to jail for one week. He chose the latter. When this became known, Father Crowley took up the case, and for three Sundays, after mass, made speeches, in which he was reported to have used incendiary language; and for this he was arrested.

A week before this the case had been called for trial in Goleen; but so great was the disturbance raised by Father Crowley's friends, in the court-room, that it was decided best to adjourn it, removing the trial from that district to Bantry. Hence the precautions to guard each avenue of entrance into Bantry Square which I have mentioned.



NOT A KERRY BEAUTY.

While the witnesses were on the stand I occupied myself in observing the audience. It was at first a picture of animation, consisting of a fair proportion of both sexes. I thought they had come with a purpose, so determined were they to get in, and so they had, for as soon as the novelty of the situation began to wane, the day being warm, most of them settled down for a nap. Our artist, with a quick pen, sketched at will,—they being none the wiser,—beginning with Judge Roche, she took in the prisoner's dock *en passant*,



A DREAM.

and finished with some of the sleeping beauties forinst the wall. The women's heads were mostly hooded. I felt sorry for their faces that they could not cover with hair; but why should I, when their husbands exposed all the upper lip they could, while they covered their cheeks and throats with "County Antrims" and "Galloways."

It was truly the occasion of my life for the study of physiognomy, since no greater contrast could be imagined than existed between the faces of the handsome and dignified judge and those in the audience. And yet the same blood flowed in their veins, they were of the same religious faith—in fact, they were all Irish.

While these thoughts and many more—which I will not mention, since they might be misunderstood—were passing through my mind, a number of witnesses had been examined and cross-examined, and the testimony they gave did not tend to raise one's opinion of the young and well-fed looking priest undergoing trial.

Crown Counsel Ronan, while the other side had the floor, was also a study. He yawned, and fidgeted, and looked bored; but the moment it was his turn to talk he was alert, and in every way a changed man. He stood with both hands in his pockets, and part of the time with one foot up on a bench, and in this undignified attitude seemed

to claim the attention of every spectator. The fact was, his every word and question told, and yet he seemed perfectly unconscious of how clever he was.

The lawyer for the defense was choleric to a degree, and since the Court was not allowed a stenographer, the judge had to write all the testimony. This delayed his questions, and made him more and more nervous, until his brogue made his questions almost unintelligible. He succeeded in getting the information that Father Crowley had made three most unguarded addresses to his congregation after service, in which he told them, "If ye get a measure of local government, no more rent will have to be paid to landlords, agents, or other wild animals," and that "when Dunovan got out of jail he would become a Catholic, and that the men, women, and those who had children, should meet him on his return, and those who failed to do so, might as well leave auld Ireland and go live in Cape Clear;" and he added, "if we can't afford a brass band, I will buy you one thousand tin whistles to use instead, and old Hopely will be killed of fright."

After this, and a great deal that was more incendiary, had been testified to, and which Mr. Shinkwin had failed to overthrow by his cross-questions, the Court took a recess of an hour.

Mr. Shinkwin was anxious to go right on, and said that Mr. Justice Stevens sat recently until 3 A. M., to which Justice Roche replied, "Well, we don't intend to follow his example."

It was now 3.30, and as Court went in at 12 o'clock, we were glad enough to be out once more in the pure air and sunshine, away from the sight and sound of brothers disagreeing, especially in a land and at a time when good-will is needed.

After an informal luncheon at the hotel, during which we met the Associate Justice, Major Welsh, and Crown Counsel Ronan, we went up through the town to see what it was like. From the hill, at which the main street terminated, we could overlook Bantry Bay. Close at hand were many mills. I asked a cottager, near by, what was made in them, in order to get a little inside her door-sill to see the quaint and clean interior of her house, and she replied, "They makes cloths (clothes) and frys (freizes) in them, they do." Just here, the most pitiful specimen of humanity I ever beheld approached. A mass of rags and tatters, with long, tangled hair, he was an ideal "wild man of Borneo." Of course I asked his name, and she replied, "Jack O'Leary, they calls him mostly." So, I suppose, that is what we had better call him, mostly.

The streets swarmed with people, as they would on fair-day, and yet no one in the crowd seemed to have any business except to look on.

Again we go winding in and out among Bantry Bay inlets;\* again we pass beneath the entrancing verdure of the drive through the grounds of Roche's Hotel, near Glengariffe; and, once more, are comfortably dined and rested in the hospitable Bellevue.

Such a moon, and such a gradual decline of day as we had that evening! As soon as the twilight died, all the mountains about blazed forth with bonfires, for it was the "Eve of St. John's." This custom is a remnant of the fire-worshipers that still exists. They say, "If your cattle can walk through the fire without being burned, you will have good luck all the year."

I spent the evening in an endeavor to explain the whys and wherefores of our American politics and customs to two Devonshire lads off here for a holiday. One, an architect, knew dear friends of mine in Plymouth, Devon, and, as we chatted, I realized, as I often do, how very small our big, round, bustling world is after all, and how many delightful people one meets during a holiday like the one we are now enjoying.

\* This drive passes under the one wire connecting the cable with Dublin.

## LETTER III.

### KILLARNEY'S LAKES.

*A Visit to Them Under Very Pleasant Circumstances—  
Guide O'Connor's Bubbling Fun—The Throng of Bare-  
footed Girls who Accompany Visitors—Muckross Abbey.*

KILLARNEY, June 27, 1890.

IT was not my intention to write much about Ireland, but, despite all that has been written and all I have read about it, Killarney and the neighborhood have been a perfect revelation, and I anticipate what is before me will be equally new.

It has been said, and I have proved the truth of the saying, that the drive from Bantry *via* Glengariffe to Killarney cannot be excelled. The day after the trial at Bantry, amid sunshine and blue skies, we left Glengariffe. As we were whirled up the road past the parsonage, the rector stood at the gate to bid us Godspeed. The coach was loaded with English and Americans. Our four sat directly behind the driver. With him was a Welshman and an Englishman, behind us our two Devonshire lads, and on either side

of them a Boston man ; then an English parson and his bride, a papa and three daughters, etc. The parson had breakfasted opposite us off a goodly supply of "'am and heggs," the national breakfast stand-by, and a pot of tea. This tea is our *bête noire*. After it is boiled as black as ink, to do the correct thing you must dilute it with boiling water and hot milk, and when sufficient sugar is added, I am sure all will agree with me, it is neither fit for man or beast. Still the natives drink and apparently enjoy it ! A hunk or loaf, so called here, of bread, eighteen inches around, is placed before him, and off this he hacks pieces as best he may. His toast is stone cold before he gets it, and butter never changes color or shape when pasted on it.

Just here his wife, in pink gingham, comes in. We shiver ! As she seats herself at a most uncomfortable distance from the table, to imitate him, she says :

"Had—you—a—dip,—dear?"

He—"Yes ; a very jolly dip."

She—"Was—it—cold,—love?"

He—"No. Not a bit. I only saw one jelly-fish, and that was dead."

At this juncture the waiter quiets her with a twin supply to that of her husband, and we silently

wonder if he realized the jellyfish was like himself, viz., soft.

While I have been telling you of our companions our coach has arrived, after various turnings and climbings, on a steep mountain road, below the edge of which yawns a terrible gulf, and above which tower rocks. Afar on the highest mountain lies a lake, explored only by those who can climb to it, and before us is the mouth of a gruesome tunnel.

The coach halts, and our driver, who by this time has proved himself most tantalizing with his terrible brogue and lack of aptitude to give us any information, tells us he will wait here "tin minits." At the roadside is a miserable thatched hut, and in an adjoining part we discover a man, looking more like a gnome, so old, weazened and pale was his face, in darkness, save what light crept in at the very small opening. He was seated before a loom, and as we stood in silence before him he clamped away at the treadles, never changing a muscle.

"What is that—linen?" I asked.

"Flannel, mum," was the answer.

He looked as if a "hatti-sheriff" had been served upon him by fates high in authority, and because he was the first unsolicitant we had

encountered, we each left him a small monetary remembrance.

The cry "To coach!" interrupted our visit, and in a moment more we were within the tunnel. It was just long enough to be dimly lit from either end. As we gazed at its ceiling, decorated with ferns, we had to dodge the water that in one place fell in a shower, and it was amusing to notice how such incidents tended to increase the friendliness of all on the coach. As we emerged, a rare panorama was spread for our delectation. Directly before us, distant and darkly blue, just a glimpse of McGillicuddy Reeks. On either side were the lesser hills that shut in the Gap of Dunloe and the Lakes of Killarney, and to our left Kenmare Bay, with its pretty town, separated from us by a bridge.

Our driver cut a dash as we drew up before the principal hotel; but, being warned not to patronize it, we wandered with our companions down its broadest street, which ends at the monastery. Here they investigated its salesroom for laces, while our four returned to a cleanly little shop kept by "Mary Ann," as we were informed, who in just a jiffy had prepared for us a most eatable luncheon.

She told us that the town was in mourning for a young man just dead, who was much beloved

and was to have been married in a month. He had left a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds.

The remainder of the trip to Killarney was full of interest, although we left all sea views behind us.

Not far from Kenmare, our first view of the lower lake was obtained. This resembled the narrowest parts of the St. Lawrence River with its many islands. Then we climbed around Manger-ton, with Lake Cutane to our right by way of variety, and after many tantalizing glimpses through the dense forests, between our road and the middle and upper lake, we reached Muckross Abbey Hotel.

We were weary enough to descend here, and would have done so had not our trunks been in Killarney, for the hotel was the picture of neatness embowered amid roses and fuchsia hedges, and, after a rest and supper, we could easily have walked to the Abbey, instead of which we had to return there from Killarney, a distance of two miles.

At the Lake Side Hotel we were met by a motley number of so-called "touts," who all yelled at once a plea for their hotels. But our destination was predestined, from the fact that the agent of the Great Southern Railway, Mr. Manifold at Queenstown, had transported our baggage,

free of charge, to the Railway Hotel, and upon our arrival there we found it in the hall to welcome us.

For the benefit of those who may come after me I can sincerely recommend this hotel, and yet in the town there are those quite as clean, less pretentious, and much cheaper, where anyone would be made comfortable, among them the Ennisfallen and Palace.

When you have always anticipated having a perfect day for Killarney's lakes, it is rather a damper to be awakened, on the morning set apart for your trip, by the tap of rain upon your window-pane. With a heavy heart you find yourself repeating: "If it rains before seven it will clear before eleven." And sure enough, by 11.30 o'clock the clouds break and the sun comes out.

Let me remind you just here that a party of four or six can see the lakes for about seven shillings apiece, whereas three or five are charged nine shillings each. My experience was that the excursion from the Railway Hotel was perfectly managed, and yet those who went out from the Ennisfallen Hotel at the same time went at least one dollar cheaper.

With our party was sent a guide, James O'Connor, as intelligent, droll, quick-witted, and amusing an Irishman as I have yet met. He assured us that "when the mist hung on the mountains 'twas

a sign of fair weather," and when the day, at the end of it, was pronounced to be the finest in all respects for the excursion they had had this season, we were most flattered, and felt well repaid for the exertion it cost us.

In order to reach the Gap of Dunloe our "machine" took us past fine estates, around the northern and down the western shore of the upper lake. This is broad, and is full of well-wooded islands, of which we at this time only had glimpses. Just before the Gap was reached we were met by men and boys on ponies, who solicited our patronage for a ride through the glen. The fair weather beguiled us into making the three miles, more probably five, on foot, which only a resident of Albany, or an equally hilly town, could do with impunity. As a result we were painfully reminded of all sorts of unknown muscles for a week after, in our down-sittings and up-risings.

The refused pony-men were supplemented by girls and women with immense yarn socks for sale, and they looked dumfounded — no, incredulous rather, for they never ceased to talk — when you said :

"Alas ! I have no husband to buy socks for."

"Then take a glass of goat's milk and mountain-dew, me butiful leddy."

"Is it called poteen, because it's put in?" we asked.

"Sure 'tis, me leddy."

Barefooted and eager, they followed our wagon for miles. If one thing failed to sell, they at once tried something new.

"Buy an Irish canary that pays our rint, me leddy, just to remember 'Colleen Bawn,' shure, or a picture of meself, if ye plaize."

"But you're not 'Colleen Bawn,'" I replied.

"No, I'm not, but I'm livin' in place av her," she quickly answered. I bought the picture at once.

At Kate Kearney's cottage we were solicited by her great-granddaughter, aged seventy, to buy pictures, mountain-dew, and what not. Our guide suggested "That's a very bad kind of whisky—when you can't get it," and I that the milk was from a cow and not a goat.

We drank to the health and success of our party, O'Connor adding, in his whimsical way, "May you never die, until the skin of a gooseberry makes a coffin for ye, and that will be niver!"

Between this halt and the entrance to the Gap he repeated the legend of "The Colleen Bawn," and how "Daddy Man," who drowned her, was executed, besides playing some Irish melodies on a cornet, which were echoed three times distinctly.

At the halt we find the inlaid-wood shops and manufactories established by O'Connor's father, now ninety years old, who still works at his business. His cheery-faced sister attends to this shop, and showed us some most expensive pieces of furniture made to order for a gentleman in Australia. The arbutus wood grows on all the islands in the lakes, and this, as well as the bog-oak and other colored wood, is just at their hand. Altogether the Gap cottage was a most attractive and alluring place.

Here the parties from different hotels dismounted, and, with the guides carrying our wraps, we proceeded up-hill for our walk through the Gap.

It was comparatively an easy matter for us to get rid of the persistent natives, but several good-looking men were besieged by Bridgets, Marys, and Ellens, who carried socks under one arm, and a bottle of milk and mountain-dew under the other. Although O'Connor said he would tell Father Somebody on them, they followed still, past Cushvalley Lough—in the bottom of which can be seen on a clear day a box containing the last snake killed by St. Patrick in Ireland—and on into the Black Valley. Here we leave the road, and over rocks and marsh, finding glorious bell-heather, we descend into its heart.

The amphitheater formed by the hills here is the grandest I have ever seen. One thatched cottage alone, of which our artist makes a water-color, detracts from the solitude of the place. O'Connor makes one of the Sullivan girls say "Black Valley" in Irish—*Cush-ma-duve* is what it sounds like—and we wish among the group of girls there was one fair to look upon. They are strongly built, but outside of honest blue eyes, they have tawny complexions, snub noses, and straight and often short hair. Then when they smile, the worst comes to view. Such teeth! and if perfect teeth, such dirty ones! It's all very well for novelists to tell of rustic beauties with pearly teeth and ruby lips. If there were such ever in existence, they have long since gone where their faces were their fortunes, leaving their plainer and more honest sisters to wear short petticoats and show brown ankles and bare feet.

They seem quite as unaware of their accent as a *Bon Silene* does of its perfume, and if you imitate them they are vastly amused at your failure.

By degrees we reach the gate, beyond which they cannot go, and here their persistence is appalling.

"Just another glass of poteen to remember your swate smilin' face, me leddy," they urge.

To a rather stout and good-natured Boston

physician one of them says: "Take another glass, sir. You're a nice stout gintleman, and I shan't forget yez." And thus they persist to the bitter end.

After the privilege of walking—price one shilling—through some lord or another's grounds, we come out upon the lower lake, which we had seen first the day of our arrival. Here four men await us with a huge row-boat, and as it is three o'clock the sandwiches sent from the hotel are most refreshing.

This is the pleasantest part of the excursion, as we are pulled in and out among these beautiful islands, while O'Connor relates a legend of this or that one, or plays under Eagle's Nest "The Star Spangled Banner," which echoes and re-echoes for our pleasure.

Before we go into the middle lake, which is only a connecting link between the upper and lower lakes, our boatmen pull up at a rock, and from it we see three openings.

"Now, guess which is the right channel out of this basin," they say.

Only one, a Rochester man, guesses correctly, and he chooses a different part from that to which they have directed our attention.

O'Connor gets the oldest boatman quite riled, saying: "Now, Mick, you must pay for the drinks."

"Faith, I won't," he replies.

"Oh, that's because you're a soured auld bachelor," says O'Connor in reply.

As we drifted on toward the "meeting of the waters" and the Weir Bridge, the oldest in Ireland, where the boat goes through the rapids, O'Connor sings a weird Irish drinking song, and the boatmen join in the chorus, the wail of which will hang by us for many a day.

The excitement of doing the rapids and the entrance into the upper and largest lake being over, we are shown a house where the Queen lunched when here.

"Mick" informs us he was one of the men to row her that day.

"It was just afther me returnin' from Ameriky."

"Did you run away for fear of the War, Mick Thornton?" says O'Connor.

"Faith, I wish I had not, because now I might be a captain or phat not, if I had remained," replies Mick, begging the question.

As we glide up this grand lake in the most perfect weather, each peak that surrounds it stands out in individual glory, and our heads fairly swim with the legends of O'Donohue's exploits hither and yon, of how the devil drinks out of his punch-bowl each Christmas eve on one mountain, and of how seven white mice on

beautiful Ennisfallen, Killarney's rarest isle, can be seen every Sunday after mass, until we say in chorus: "Mr. O'Connor, do you never tire telling all this?"

"Yes, sometimes," he answers. "When I have stupid people, I am so tired that I'd like to die—if I was prepared," he answers, with a gleam in his honest blue eye that shows he will be capable of much enjoyment still to come.

"Where is the devil buried, Mr. O'Connor?" I asked.

"Buried!" he exclaims; "in hell, I suppose."

"No, I am referring to an old song my Irish nurse used to sing to me years ago," I answered. "You see when I had been naughty and then became good again, she used to say the evil one had gone out of me, and would croon to me an old Irish song—

'Humph la! the devil is dead,  
Humph la! the devil is dead,  
Humph la! the devil is dead,  
And buried in Killarney.'"

"Well, Miss," he laughingly replies, "faith I niver thought of that before, altho' I've known the old song all my life. I think I'll have to investigate the matter for future tourists. It certainly will be a new thing to tell, and I'm much obliged to you for the suggestion."

Here we have our last Irish song, which shouts back at us from the ruined walls of Ross Castle, Cromwell's last capture. Our boatmen pull for us white water-lilies, with which the lake is clothed here, arranging them daintily on a lily-pad and tying the stems into a true lover's knot. We are, I assure you, so full of all we have seen and of happiness at our perfect day, that O'Donohue's library in the rocks, which we had expected to be agape over, seems a very small part after all that has gone before.

On Ross Island we disembark, and, after a visit to the castle, we are driven home. *En route* O'Connor tells us about Puck Fair, held on every eleventh of August at Killorglin, about thirty miles from Killarney. Here girls go to be hired, and the sensation of the hour is to dress up a goat and put it on the tower of an old castle. He told us the village priest could be seen at the fair, of course, and that on one instance he said to a former servant: "Where be ye livin' now?" "Sure, your reverence, I ain't livin' at all, at all—I'm married," says she. We laugh heartily, of course, over this, despite having heard it before.

"The young bucks have their fun, too," he adds. "One time coming home they sang such a chorus to their song, it actually shook the handle off the pump on the roadside."

Near the town he shows us the house where once lived Jeffrey Lynch, who cruelly evicted his master's tenants. Failing to pay his own rent, he was evicted, too, and at this he went over to America. Failing in that country, he returned home to die. From both Heaven and Purgatory he was said to be turned away when it was discovered what his record was on earth, and at last he went down to the nether regions, when, to his surprise, Satan said to his demand for entrance there: "Whist, go away, Jeffrey Lynch, if I was to let you in here you'd evict all me tinnents."

Just a word about Muckross Abbey. After seeing all the grandest ruined fabrics of which old England can boast to-day, I was amazed to come upon anything so exquisite as this. The "caretaker," or guardian, has been twelve years there, being paid by the gentleman on whose estate it is, and no doubt his ruin, for entrance to which we all paid one shilling each, is a better inheritance than all his land. Mr. Moriarty let us wander at sweet will into all its quaint nooks and corners, as he followed at a respectful distance.

"Where do you come from?" he asked as we descended to the exit.

"From America," we answered.

"Faith, and I was sure you were not Irish. No

one over here would see so much. You've been in corners no one ever finds."

He had photographs for sale instead of taking a fee, and confessed, after so long a service, this was the first year he had been in that trade. This was a striking illustration of the lack of forehandedness of his race.

Lord Kenmare has the most extensive demesnes here. For the privilege of entrance he charges sixpence each. You, of course, expect to see the new castle, he mortgaged all he had to build in order that his spouse should be gratified; but no, upon approaching the house you are charged sixpence more to go on the terrace only. In our case, after a very long walk to the house, we were informed that his lordship was going in to dinner. " Didn't we hear the bell just after ringing? " We had heard what had sounded like a locomotive bell, and so we were turned back. Not even a fee would soften the heart of the huge Irishman who stood as a bulldog in our way, we were informed on our tickets. But meeting him the next day, he slyly confessed " a fee might have done some good."

We concluded at this to take even the printed tickets *cum grano salis*, when we had an object to accomplish in Ireland. As it happened we saw

the house from several directions after that and were glad we kept our sixpence.

The moral to this trip is, if ever you are at Killarney—and I sincerely trust you may have that rare good fortune—pray for fair weather and O'Connor for guide.

## LETTER IV.

### SIGHTS IN IRELAND.

*The Home at Youghal of Sir Walter Raleigh—An Interesting Old Church—The Trip Up the Blackwater and a Visit to a Cistercian Monastery.*

MALLOW, IRELAND, June 29, 1890.

As we persevere in our investigation of the beauties of Irish scenery, no exclamation seems better suited to our state of mind than that used by Alice in Wonderland, "Curiouser and curioser"! In the first place, rain precedes us everywhere, laying the dust, which is fortunate for our sight-seeing proclivities. It knows enough to keep out of our way, you see, and when we are told "it has been raining up to date," we reply with assurance: "Look out for pleasant weather now we are here," and, sure enough, Old Sol beams upon us, as the wind, his enemy, blows hard in the face of the clouds that sometimes lounge across the heavens, until they get black in the face, burst, and disappear. Still it is very cold. Heavy flannels, fur-lined wraps,

even seal-skins, can be worn with comfort, and so far we have had weather in contrast to that reported in America.

We buy the daily papers in hopes of getting American news. The dispatches in them, however, are not worth the price, since they are generally of a sporting nature, or too exaggerated to be believed. For instance, "Chicago has had such hot weather that the people, and horses especially, dropped by the hundreds in the streets. Not having enough ambulances to carry the dead away, an epidemic of typhoid fever was raging." This all in one day! Experience has, therefore, caused me to cease to wonder at the ignorance about our country shown by really cultivated people in Great Britain. If the papers would print more general news regarding the world at large and less about the murders and general wickedness in this or that country, the people, like quarrelsome children, would have their minds diverted to some purpose and filled with useful information, which could not but tend to broaden their naturally cramped intellects.

In Youghal we found plenty to interest us. Its patron saint may be called Sir Walter Raleigh, since he lived here and in its neighborhood for years. And yet a few miles off no one could tell us about this picturesque town, except that it was a water-

ing-place and was recommended "as a pleasant excursion from Queenstown or Cork." Fortunately we had enough originality to discover it led to much that was very interesting beyond. Hence I write to tell you about it.

In the first place, I could make money on its name at only a cent a guess as to how it is pronounced. Now try.

You-ghal? No!

Youg-hal? No!

Yough-al? No!

"Well, how?" I hear you ask. Simply "Yawl," and nothing more. This I discovered when I tried to buy my ticket to it from Killarney. It is the swell southern watering-place of Ireland and on its "strand," not beach, can be seen "mashers," and humanity of all kinds.

This strand lies directly opposite the station, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we found it occupied by the visiting swells, among which a "masher," as they denominate a "dude" over here, stood out prominently, dressed in everything that was loud and new. The women, with much-frizzled bangs, wear very small white sailor hats, set so high on the head that we have longed for one to blow off in order to see if what held it at such an absurd distance from the head was a mat or something else. They walk with a

mincing gait, aided by huge crook-handled sticks, and behind all is an immense bustle, more elegantly called "confusion," which really deforms them.

Bridgets and Ellens take care of the children, who, with spades and buckets, amuse themselves in the sand or ride on donkey back, while their parents are bathing. Bath-houses form a background, and what with the old women in chairs being drawn along the beach one might well imagine herself the "gentle reader" in one of Dickens's tales, as this unconscious procession of humanity drifts by.

Dinner hour being near, we take the advice given us at the station by the only omnibus-driver there, to go to the "Devonshire Arms." Woe is me, that we did! Kindness was no name for the hostess, and the hotel had a fine and prominent situation in the principal square, surrounded by curious old houses; but hostesses and houses did not make honors easy in this case, for the beds were most unsatisfactory, and the entire place one to be avoided. Suffice to say, after dinner, such as it was, we went out for a stroll, and discovered in the main avenue the "Green Park Hotel," as neat as a pin, charmingly situated upon a bluff overlooking the sea. About the park from which it gets its name runs a high

sea-wall, massive in construction, about which one may walk while obtaining views of sea and river.

The sun was setting, and the harbor, made by the Blackwater which empties here, was alive with fishing-craft of various kinds.

Nearly a mile away, on the other side of the harbor, we could see forinst us the County Waterford strand, and had it only been a little earlier, would have ferried over, just for fun, to see how it seemed to ride that distance for a ha'penny, this being the fare we were told by some boys at play on the wall. From here we go down on to the strand and gather sea-weeds, shells and what not. The incoming tide is sweet with sea-odors, and there is a fascination about a new moon that should put a spirit of romance in any one.

Our homeward (home-ward is good ! If you could only have seen the Devilshire Arms, as we nicknamed it) way was up the main avenue, which wanders in a most original manner through the town for about one mile. As far as our square it was kept in order by rows of the grandest elms imaginable. These ceasing, the square is entered by a jog in the road. It is alive with people, and many women, with oriental-looking jugs on their heads, are standing about the town-pump to await their turn.

Further than our hotel we were too done-up to investigate, and nothing but tired brains and weary bodies ever enabled us to forget we were not on beds of flowery ease the livelong night.

To-day we have had a great treat in more ways than one. In the morning we went on to investigate *the* street of Youghal, and, after many questions, found following our noses the best plan. This brought us to the Clock Tower, a quaint, four-storied brick period in the street, surmounted by a cupola. So we went under it and came to a ruined tower which attracted our attention by its massive front. This is used as a flour-mill, and as we ask permission to climb an unused pair of stairs, half covered with chaff and other refuse, the miller smiles and says: "Yez air the furst payple that iver went up thim stips since I had the mill, I can tell yez. Indade yez ~~may~~ do so, for the view will repay yez." And indeed it did. From it we got our bearings, and by his help, for he had followed us, his face aglow with curiosity and good nature, we saw from one side, first the sea, then the harbor, and then the Blackwater, a river we were to explore on the morrow, the "Rhine of Ireland," he told us. Crossing to the north and west sides of the tower, the town, with a garrisoned hill behind it and here and there bits of the ancient wall, lay bathed in the glow of

the sun. At its feet was the ancient church, amid grand old trees, and quite close to it Raleigh's house, Myrtle Grove. Tuppence ha'-penny (five cents) more than satisfied our floury friend, and even without it, we felt we were enough of an oddity to have afforded him genuine amusement.

The streets—one of them, Friar street, formerly called "Hell"—were full of excursionists from Cork, and I wondered at the poor display made by the shops. There was actually nothing to tempt one excepting Pears's soap, advertised for four pence ha'penny, when it always sells for sixpence.

We gazed long and furtively at an Irishman in a shop, as we stood before its windows filled with pipes and tobacco. He was a picture, as he sat on a barrel swinging his legs, which were encased in the tightest of tight linen trousers. His vest was red, his coat drab, and on his head was a hat the diameter of an ordinary stove-pipe, brimless by nature and black in color. In his idle hands he swung a "broth of a sthick," while a pipe occupied his mouth. Whence he came, or whither he tended, we shall never know; but he was an ideal representative of the "Paddy from Ireland, Paddy from Cork" of the song of our childhood.

The street was full of *genre* pictures, and we snapped our memory's camera at them, in the hope of retaining some for future use.

At last the ancient Church of St. Mary's was reached. Here the sexton's wife went about with us, giving an intelligent account of the 800-year-old pulpit and font, showing where the Irish oak roof had been discovered amid a mass of Reformation plaster and whitewash. She let us take our time among the antique tombs, and their nearly obliterated inscriptions she patiently aided us to decipher, when we manifested real interest. In the town we had inquired, but in vain, for a guide-book, and hence we fully appreciated Mrs. Hayes's intelligence.

The church forms a Latin cross, and in the angle of the north aisle and north transept was built a massive square tower at least fifty feet high. She told us the bases of the arches rested on the stone coffin-lids of some eighth century inhabitants of that part of the country, and that the pointed style of its architecture placed the building of the present edifice in the thirteenth century. The choir contains the largest window in Ireland, filled with modern and yet most beautiful stained glass, representing the coats-of-arms of its ancient patrons, among them, on a red shield, the five white diamonds of the house of Raleigh. This

stood roofless for three hundred years, being only restored some thirty odd years ago, and I honored the people who appreciated so rare and interesting a piece of architecture, enough to make it again a place of worship.

In a side chapel were many old tombs, among them that of Sir Edward Villiers, Lord President of Munster for many years. It was dated, "Anno Dom. 1600," and upon its face was the following :

Munster may curse (quite defaced)  
The time that Villiers came  
To make us worse,  
By leavinge (sic) such a name.  
Of noble parts  
As none can imitate  
But those whose hearts (sic)  
Are married to the state.  
But if they presse (sic)  
To imitate his fame,  
Munster may blesse (sic)  
The time that Villiers came."

Opposite this plain sarcophagus was the gaudily painted and amusing tomb of the first Earl of Cork. It reaches from floor to ceiling. In the center is the Earl, and on either side his first and second wives. Beneath them are ten little off-springs, all kneeling with folded hands, excepting one, which lies down, because he fell into a well and was drowned. Above the two wives are the

two mothers-in-law—husbands of to-day take notice—and above them are kneeling angels, and still higher, as the monument gets nearer heaven, cherubs ! Any one who desires a detailed account of this most extraordinary relic of antiquity, can have it from me upon application.

This church by right holds the bones of the long-lived Countess of Desmond, who must have been a character in her day. She, with her husband, helped materially in reconstructing the church, in 1468, with money from an indulgence granted by Pope Paul II., and, after living for one hundred and forty years, through the reigns of seven English kings and queens, she fell from a cherry-tree and broke her neck. Moral: never climb rees, especially after you become a century plant.

This visit puts us in the humor to enjoy the sight we are promised on the morrow of some of the ruins of these grand people's former homes. Just at present we are anticipating much pleasure from a visit to Sir Walter's house. So, bidding Mrs. Hayes a substantial good-bye at the church-yard gate, where she lives in the lodge, we are at once in front of the high green gate which completely hides the house from our gaze. A red-cheeked milkmaid raps in vain, and finally tells us it is doubtful if we get admission, as a party of tourists from Cork the day before had not only

picked flowers in the garden, but actually uprooted the bushes. This caused us to strengthen our resolve to get in, and just here a neat maid opened the gate. To our demand for entrance, she said she was sure the family who lived there would not allow it. But the milky way of our companion had enabled us to get within the gate, and we told her to say we were Americans and had come a great distance to see the house.

As she neared the front door an elderly lady leaning on a cane came out, and without waiting for the maid to intercede I stepped forward and pleaded my case. She had been joined by her daughter, and at once they gave us a most charming and cordial welcome, explaining that the place had always kept open doors and gates to all visitors until that day. When we saw the signs of the visiting vandals, we were glad they had been Irish people and not Americans.

We were taken up the grand old stairs, whose walls were lined with rare prints and paintings of Sir Walter or scenes from his career, such as his grand Elizabethan cloak act and his being showered by his servant when he smoked his first pipe on his return from America. We also learned our hostesses were the mother and sister of Sir John Pope-Hennessy,\* the present owner of the mansion.

\* Sir John Pope-Hennessy has just been nominated as member of Parliament by the McCarthy faction as representative from Kilkenny.

The library in which Sir Walter wrote invited our attention, especially as we knew Spenser had visited him here, and no doubt written some of his "Faerie Queen" within these very walls.

The ceiling and walls are of dark Irish oak cleverly carved and paneled. The cabinets, containing rare old books, and the mantel-pieces had over them mottoes in ancient spelling and figures of Faith, Hope and Charity. The small-paned bow-windows, which, with the exception of one other window, lighted the room, made a study for an artist.

The outside of the house, strange to say, resembles in form and style of pointed windows the home he came from in Devonshire. Yet he bought it, as is supposed, from the monks, who once inhabited it, and perhaps the attraction was its resemblance to his former dwelling. In the rear of the house, which is long and shallow, rise three huge chimneys covered with ivy, which in this part of the world does its best to hide the defects of time and ravages of humanity. With a cordial invitation to come again, we at last bade adieu to the two gentlewomen who had kindly entertained us, they telling us the name of Carew had proven an open *sesame*.

To the town we descend by a queer and rambling by-path which should really be called

a street. Its houses were a study, with their round and painted chiseled doorways, moulded corbels and mullions, heraldic badges, friezes, drip-stones, trefoiled windows, and other vestiges that exist in abundance to prove the antiquity of Youghal.

After all this it is wonderful that we can again lie down to peaceful slumbers. Yet such is the case, and it seems but a short time, until the next morning we find ourselves on the steamer that is to take us up the river to Cappoquin.

We buy third-class tickets, and this enables us to be in the forward part of the craft and throws us into companionship with a very agreeable Irish lady who has a guide-book.

I ask her where she bought it, and she replies, "I have had it some time, and I think it is out of print, but if you will accept it I shall be pleased, as I know the river by heart." This unexpected piece of luck enabled us to enjoy the ruins which nestle on either hand, and just enough excitement was created by a brisk shower, which only sprinkled but did not injure us, to make the trip exhilarating.

A Welsh gentlemen became interested in us, when he saw the shower did not drive us below, and we were able, during a conversation which followed, to convince him that American gentle-

men did not go about their daily vocations armed with either a shot-gun or a brace of pistols, as he averred they did. Being interested in tin mines, he bemoaned the tax he feared might, in course of time, be put on such ware, and he added rather emphatically: "If that tax does come, we'll go over to America and make it there!" I advised him to do so by all means, saying we liked nothing better than a man who could add to the income of our country, rather than one who became dependent upon it.

As we near Cappoquin the river is more picturesque. Before us is Mount Melleray, to which we will pay a visit as soon as we land. On either side we have the counties of Cork and Kerry, and beneath us as romantic a stream as ever flowed into the sea. Spenser calls it in his "Faerie Queen":

"Swift Awniduff, which of the English man  
Is calde Blacke-water."

He knew every inch of it, and its romances furnished him many of the ideas expressed in his wonderful and unmatched poem. We confess we have been impressed by its legends, and yet how very dead and turned to clay are the once powerful families that enlivened its banks. At Cappoquin it is no further navigable by steamer, so we leave our craft, and after arranging to

have our luggage sent to the station, we take a jaunting-car. We only had our choice of two, and are soon on our way, up, up, up—over hill and dale to the Abbey of Mount Melleray. Here dwell a community of Cistercian Monks driven from France in the Revolution of 1830. We are told they maintain perpetual silence, and are surprised to be met by a chatty monk at the door who ushers us into the drawing-room. He then informs us “it is, being Friday, a fast day, and that we must not expect more than fish, omelet, bread, jams, tea, sherry, port or stout for our luncheon.” We answer, “We will *try* to make a meal out of this,” as he proceeds to give us glimpses into the corridors belonging to the monks. Then he takes us to a church, where a service is being chanted, and leaving us up in the gallery which overlooks the garden, but from which we could not see the monks, he takes my brother and the Welshman in among the brethren. There he kept them till after dinner, the women visitors dining in a separate room, and when they met us again, after an hour, I never saw two more relieved-looking men.

Our dinner was an amusing one. Brother Lawrence, assisted by the driver who brought us up, set the dishes on the table. Not a sign of a woman servant was there. Then, as he paused,

one of our party at the head of the table, said : "Will you ask a blessing?" "No, please do it yourself," he replied. We bowed our heads as she said : "Oh, Lord, bless this food to our use, and us to Thy service, for Christ's sake, Amen." Scarcely was she through, when he clasped his hands enthusiastically and said: "Beautiful! beautiful! we say quite the same," and hastily repeated one in Latin. This made quite an impression on him, as well as on the Irish women at the table with us.

Our forks were horn-handled and three-tined of steel, but the wine was of the very best quality, and he offered it freely.

Afterwards, during a walk in part of the grounds where we were allowed, I asked him about their silence, and he said that when put on duty, as he was at present, they were commanded to speak. We passed two monks, big, fine-looking men, and he said they were the librarian and music master. Two forlorn-looking objects, with gowns rolled up, were driving pigs down a lane before us.

"Why are those monks driving pigs?" I asked.

"For penance," he answered.

"Does your highest brother ever drive pigs, as those are doing?" I asked.

"Of course not," he replied, rather scornfully.

"Would it not be a good penance?" I continued.

"Ah! there are other penances they can get more suited to their birth and breeding," he replied.

He was clever and jolly, and seemed quite of this world, with his beard, moustache, and unton-sured head. He took whatever we chose to give him for dinner, and before I left presented me with a huge bouquet, picked from their cemetery, of the most antagonistic flowers that grow, beginning with tiger-lilies and ending with the pansy, as a souvenir of the place.

The school has hundreds of pupils from all parts of the world, for which they charge the modest sum of about two hundred and fifty dollars a year. School had closed the day previous, and the theater, where a farce had been enacted, was shown us, the scenery of which had been painted by one of the students. Altogether, I should imagine it would be as safe a place to put a boy of the Roman Catholic faith as could be imagined, and we shall always have pleasant and amusing memories of our visit at Mount Melleray.

From its height we went again into Cappoquin, and then, by advice of our driver, we arranged for our luggage to go by train, in order that we might drive to Lismore, three miles distant. Had I been able to get the least information upon the possibility of going from Cappoquin to Mallow by rail, I should have left our luggage at Mallow on our

way to Youghal from Cork. This is a hint for any one in future who may wish to make the trip with hand-bags, as we desired to do.

The drive to Lismore was all our Jehu had said it would be. With grand estates on one side and the Blackwater on the other, we were all too soon at the bridge over the stream, above which towered the Castle of Lismore, one of the Duke of Devonshire's many residences. Its entrance and court reminded us of Warwick, so perfectly is it preserved and kept in order, and we obtained permission to enter by application at the keeper's lodge. He was an Englishman, and as we waited for admission, I asked :

“ Does the Duke ever come here ? ”

“ No, me leddy, 'e's a bit groggy in 'is legs, and caun't get habout much, you see.”

“ Who will inherit this when the Duke dies ? ”

“ Lord 'Artington, but 'e don't take much hinterest in hit ; 'e's a single man, you see, me leddy.”

“ Oh, is he ? ” I explained, as I saw the house-keeper coming towards us through the brass peep-hole on the big front door. “ A single lord is just what I am looking for. So I think I'll give the castle a thorough investigation while here.”

“ You are so droll, me leddy,” he articulated, during a half laugh. “ Hi'm sure you're not Hinglish, you know.”

"No, I am not," I replied, most emphatically, "I am an American species of the genus angel."

The round of the castle was quite like that of any other, except that from the bay-window we saw an Irish funeral procession crossing the bridge. This window nearly made one of the English kings of old famous, viz.: in looking down from its dizzy height into the swift stream below, he almost, but not quite, fell out.

Can you fancy a funeral procession of jaunting-cars? They couldn't look sad; and so, but for the hearse which preceded, we should have thought it a wedding jaunt.

The antique corporation sword which belongs in the empty case on the walls of the old church in Youghal is here; also a bishop's crosier, dug up in the "year one," for all I can remember, which our attendant said was "very rare."

In the street, on our way to the station, we asked whose funeral procession had just gone by.

"Some unmarried person, I expect," was the reply.

"How do you know?" is the natural inquiry.

"Why, didn't yez see the white streamers on the driver's hat and over his coat? Well, that's a sign the corpse was single."

We took a bird's-eye view of Lismore town on our way to the station. This took us through its

square, containing a curious sun-dial and fountain, and past an old church, whose graveyard contained some rare old tombs with curious epitaphs. The station was a pretty one, and, after a short wait, we were whirled off to Mallow.

This proved to be a forgotten watering-place. The old spring bubbles three hundred gallons per hour of just as drinkable water as when it was fashionable, but the drinkers, where were they? The care-taker, a forlorn woman of asthmatic build, tottered down to the well's mouth with us, and over its bubbling contents registered a vow, how that but for drinking a gallon of it during every night she long ago would have been dead. I drank upon her recommendation and was convinced that at least it was cold and delicious.

As we drove back to the hotel in a jaunting-car, whose owner was the personification of jollity, Lysaght's old rhyme jogged naturally through our heads :

“ Beauning, belleing, dancing, drinking,  
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,  
Ever raking, never thinking,  
Live the Rakes of Mallow”—

or, rather, “ Died the Rakes of Mallow,” as we interpolated.

Marsh mallows are good, but Mallow *sans* marsh, even with a well, I should never advise

to any one who has a sharp appetite. The only hotel by the station is kept by a very polite and meek-looking man, but these qualities are of no value when one has a lady cook and gentleman butler. The latter was evidently disgusted because we did not partake of his *table d'hôte* dinner, and, when we asked for toast for four, brought three pieces very small and very thick. When, like Oliver, we asked for more, he, with a flourish and by the aid of a toast-rack—the Evil One's invention to cool toast—brought *two pieces* more. After consultation we begged to trouble him for more, and after some delay, and more toast-rack accompaniment, he dignifiedly sauntered in with two more quarterings of partially heated bread. This made only seven small pieces for four hungry people. After we had all urged each the other to take the toast, one of us troubled his majesty again. By this time he looked really grieved and, with a most insufferable air, said: "She says there is no more." This was too much for me. I rose to the occasion and proceeded to the office. Result, plenty of toast, which we sit and eat, although we are almost too full of laughter by this time to enjoy it.

When I came into the coffee-room in the evening to write, his lordship at once brought me a blotter, ink and a quill, which I have duly used.

## LETTER V.

### NEW TIPPERARY.

*A Visit to the Settlement of the Evicted Tenants—Occupying O'Brien's Old Room—The Pottery Business at Belleek—A Sailor Guide through Derry's Streets.*

PORTRUSH, IRELAND, July 3, 1890.

TO-MORROW I am to pay my respects to Fin MacCoul at his residence, down at the Causeway he has never completed, and before committing that act I desire to chronicle some of the events of my last week in Ireland, which, in more ways than one, has been a great delight.

In my last letter I left you at Mallow, whence I made a pilgrimage to Kilcolman Castle, or all that remains of it, in order to become better acquainted with Edmund Spenser. To accomplish this we had to go by rail to Buttevant, and there take a jaunting-car. The ride of three miles is an enjoyable one, but the détour will not pay the average tourist. In fact, most people would never know the place existed, since from the time I landed at Queenstown until I reached Mallow, I was unable

to get the least information regarding it, or the manner of getting there. Neither do the guide-books mention it. However, before leaving New York, I had spent an afternoon in the Astor Library, and from different lives of Raleigh and Spenser had found Youghal and Kilcolman were sacred to them. Hence my determination was strengthened to see both.

Alas, the very country which nurtured and inspired that unique poet, seems to have forgotten him ! Of his castle, granted him by Elizabeth, but one tower remains. Its grounds are a pasture for cows and sheep, and its lake, whose praises he sang, and upon which he loved to gaze at sunset with his mainspring, Raleigh, is but a marsh.

The next scene in our day's pilgrimage was laid in Tipperary. Leaving the cars at Limerick Junction we were driven thither. As we jolted over the stony road, I was filled with thankfulness for natural teeth, otherwise I should never have dared open my mouth for the following interview with the driver :

“ Are you a Land Leaguer ? ”

“ I am.” (Pronounced yam !)

“ Is it perfectly safe for us to drive about the town ? ”

“ It is, wid me, sure. Mebbe yez didn't hear av the man who was shot yesterd<sup>a</sup>y ? ”

“ Shot ! ” in chorus by our quartette.

“ Yis, shot dead ! ”

“ Why ? ” from us.

“ Because he was suspected.”

“ Do you think *we* will be suspected ? ”

“ No, mum, not whin yer wid me, didn’t I tell yez.”

As we approached the New Town he explained confidentially that the evicted tenants were to be its inhabitants.

“ What are evicted tenants ? ” I asked.

“ Thim’s the payple Smith-Barry has tried to force to pay ground rints.”

“ Were their shops and houses on his ground ? ”

“ They were.”

“ Why should they not pay him, then ? ”

“ Because the league tould them he charged too much.”

Here we drive in upon the New Town of Tipperary. It is built quite outside of the Old Town, upon a piece of useless land, which up to date has been a common. The twenty-six new houses are two stories high, some of brick and more of wood, and face a square, one side of which is occupied by an arcade. This building has a town-clock, and on either side of the passage extending through it are the shops of the evicted.

We got down here and went into the arcade.

Out of the thirteen shops on either side, every other one, at least, was for the sale of liquor or cigars. Over the first waved a white banner upon which, in red letters, we read: "Every demon runs its course." This referred to Smith-Barry, and not to the demon of drink, of course. From the neighboring cloth-shop the proprietor stepped out to solicit our patronage. Over it was the motto: "There is no joy without affliction." He seemed a very decent man, and I gave him the chance I saw he wished to tell his story. To my inquiry, as to why he was there, he replied:

"Yis, I was evicted; that is I wint out."

"Had you built your own shop?"

"Yis, it cost me six hundred pounds" (\$3,000).

"What was your ground rent?"

"Well, it was not for the mather of that, ye see, but becase I owed six shillings (\$1.50) on me ground rint, that I was bound not to pay till Smith-Barry rejuced it."

"Are you a member of the league?"

"I am."

"Do you think it was wise to lose a shop valued at six hundred pounds for six shillings?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"Becase if I had not done as the others did, I would have been bycotted!"

"What does that mean?" I demurely ask.

"Cut by every mimber of the leygue, and perhaps I would not be allowed to sill goods at all, at all."

"And what would have happened if there were enough people who chose to buy of you who were non-leaguers?"

"Both thim and meself would be bycotted by the leygue, and it's very uncomfortable not to be spoken to or associated wid by your friends. Thin, too, if I failed in this course and went to the league and asked to be taken in again, they wouldn't take me back."

As we come out to get into our car, a ragged woman invites me to give her something in exchange for shoe-strings or paper ballads with which she makes a flourish. Taking a penny ballad, for which she blesses me as she grabs the two cents charged for it, I say, "I only take this of you because you have it to *sell*, not because I want it."

Here a dirty fellow, whose feet don't seem to be mates, so badly does he shamble, lounges up and says, "Gimme a penny."

"What for, your laziness or impertinence?" I ask. With a growl he curses me and moves off.

The Old Town is much larger than I supposed it was. And, with a flourish, Paddy drives us up

and down the streets which, with their closed and boarded shops, are as solemn and deserted as Pompeii. Upon them were huge placards reading, "Evicted. On the cause must go." Many of the windows in the buildings were smashed, and some showed signs of having been set on fire. One had an extra sign which said, "Mrs. Cotter has closed out her premises and resumed business in New Town." The shops that were sandwiched in among the evicted ones looked very uncomfortable and lonely. Paddy explained that they were not on Smith-Barry's land, as his tenants alone were evicted. He also showed us a boycotted shop whose owner was not a Land Leaguer, and, had time allowed, I think we would have bought something of the clean but weary-looking woman who stood in the front door.

On our way back to Limerick Junction, I asked the driver who owned the common on which the New Town was going up.

"Stafford O'Brien, sure."

"Is he a Land Leaguer?"

"He is that."

"Are the people to have the new houses and shops free of rent?"

"They are, until they are able to pay fur them. So I have been tould."

“And what if they consider the new price too high?”

“Arragh, then I suppose they will build a new New Tipperary.”

In Dublin the first tram-car we employed had a most remarkable blue ticket. For a penny we get the following : On one side, the streets it traversed and its destination ; on the other, “Dublin Street Tramway, 103. Would you know the value of money? Go and borrow some,” followed by the picture of a shoe and the name of the maker. Beneath this was, “Calamity is man’s true touchstone.” This motto, which many might not read, since as soon as punched and given you, it seems to be the fashion to throw the ticket on the car floor, caught my eye, and, with my mind filled with the scenes of Southern Ireland’s poverty and old Tipperary’s woe, I wondered what would be the outcome of such calamity as seems widespread at present in as beautiful a country as was ever created.

Fate was my close companion, for at the hospitable Imperial Hotel I was given a very quiet room, by request, as we were to be there for Sunday. When the housekeeper ushered me in, she said :

“I hope you’ll be comfortable, Miss; Mr. William O’Brien, M. P., always had this room before

he was married and was here for a night only yesterday."

Newspapers, from which items had been clipped, were on the large-writing table, and an easy chair stood near it. I threw myself into its depths and sincerely wished for the power to read men's minds. Then would I know the innermost thoughts of this idol of the Land League, by whose best adherents he is considered the soul of honesty. He certainly is the Paul of their faith, for he has suffered imprisonment and many hardships and trials.

The papers were full of the trial I attended at Bantry, and editorial comments differed according to the politics of the journal one read. Father Crowley had the choice between a fine and six months' imprisonment, and chose the latter.

I wish for you no better luck than to go to the Imperial in Dublin. The women guests are under the especial surveillance of one Richard Heatherstone, who is perfect in his department. After a succession of meals, of which you had partaken merely to keep life in your body, fancy the delight of sitting down unexpectedly to a daintily-laid table, just for four! As the covers are lifted there is a tenderloin of beef for each, and *fried potatoes*, without even asking for them, because you have been refused everywhere else. Then comes an

underwaiter, with tinkling cymbals in the shape of glasses of water with ice, chiming a merry tune to his tread. We look about for the good fairy, and find him in Heatherstone, who has been standing at a distance to enjoy our exclamations of unsuppressed glee.

In this hotel is the largest round table I ever saw. It is formed of four pieces of polished mahogany, joined in the center, and is enough to awaken envy in the breast of the wraith of King Arthur. Upon it I found a guide-book to the United States, edited by Bradshaw in 1886. It gave the population of Buffalo as 156,000, and said tramways ran through the public streets (five cents). This price must amuse people over here, for in this country or England one can go almost any distance for one penny (two cents). It went on to say the places of amusement were St. James Hall and Music Hall. Under the head of bankers it gave the First National (long defunct), and it said that Buffalo's best physicians were Doctors Graves and Bevan. (?) It also advised a drive to Fort Porter, whose ruins (razed some years since) enable one to get fine views of the river.

Of course we did Dublin, and found much to interest us. About Phœnix Park we had an intelligent driver who knew personally all the men convicted of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish.

He told us he received fifteen shillings a week for his yoke (the car he drove) from the owner, and through the kindness of passengers he was mostly able to make it come up to one pound sterling. Out of this five dollars he kept a wife and three children. Their home-grown meat was very dear, he told us, seven pence, or fourteen cents, a pound for the poorest cuts, while round cost one shilling (twenty-five cents) a pound, and tenderloin thirty-three cents of our money. For our American meat he paid much less, and vastly preferred its flavor.

Sunday morning we attended service in the oldest church in Dublin, St. Audœons. I carried a letter of introduction to its venerable canon and curate, and after service met both. They gave us a most cordial greeting. The curate went out into the ruins of the cathedral, part of whose nave is now roofed and in use, and, having made it a study, he was able to give us a most interesting word sketch as well as a written account of its history.

During excavations some years since it was discovered that walls had been built over beautiful frescoes, one of which in an arch was probably the patron saint of a side altar. High above it in the outside wall had been uncovered small, slanting windows which, it is supposed, were used by lepers or persons with foul disease, who

inhabited a hospital built against the cathedral, to enable them to see into the cathedral during service.

The congregation we worshipped among was small but devout, and our four silver pieces stood out among the coppers in the collection plate, which was in the vestry after service. Of course they have a rare old Queen Anne communion service. I was thankful for the thought of the Irish-American friend, who formerly belonged to this parish, and whose many hints helped me to see Dublin so comfortably.

On Sunday the streets were gay with the many soldiers in uniform, parading idly up and down, and on Monday, which chanced to be a field-day, we saw a sham battle in the park.

Dublin shops are enticing, and one, to catch American trade, hoists an American flag. Excess of tournure is all the rage here, and the latest fad is a beauty-spot veil, only a bit of thin, black net, with one spot of black chenile to come against the left cheek.

Before departing I bought round-trip tickets to Belfast, *via* Enniskillen, Portrush, and the Antrim coast, of the great agent Cook, because every one assured me they were cheaper. I took the precaution to ask the price of tickets from point to point, and found it saved me barely twenty-five cents, if that.

The cost of riding on a rail in Ireland is a luxury. For third-class cars we pay at the rate of two cents a mile, and for first-class four cents. If they tarred and feathered us, I can't imagine what the bill would amount to.

Disaffected members of the community give us freely public hints with regard to the state of their minds, by writing on the grained wooden backs of the car seats such sentiments as these: "Home Rule and more rum!" "Down with the Pope, up with the jug!"

At a small station on our way to Enniskillen two young men got into our car. One was sober, the other drunk. They were going to Derry to sail for America, as was evident from the crowd at the station of men, women and children. The poor old father called out: "Be a good by, Teddy, and write your mither." "That's sall right," mumbled Teddy. As the train moved out of the station such a howl went up from the assembled multitude as I never wish to hear again. The women covered their faces with aprons and shawls, and the men's tears were allowed free play down their browned cheeks, as they strained their eyes to catch a last glance of the poor boy. He staggered to the car door, and taking off his round black hat, waved it at them until he dropped it, as I felt sure he would. He then called out: "Kape it for me

sake. Good-bye ! 'Rah for Prisident Harrison, to h—l with Queen Victoria and aller subjeecs ! ' and with this supreme effort he sat down hatless.

It was a pitiful sight, and his companion's "Teddy, lad, be quiet," seemed to bring him to his senses, for he began to apologize to the car, and to fumble in a carpet-bag for a woolen cap, after donning which he went to sleep.

Enniskillen ! This place we rather regretted reaching, as we had met in our car two charming Irish ladies, wives of army officers, who were returning from a day at Rosstrevor on the eastern coast of Ireland. But we were at the same time full of anticipation, especially after they had told us of beautiful Lough Erne, upon which it is placed, and of all there was of interest to see. The Royal Hotel, kept by two pretty Irish women who are cousins, made us very comfortable, and the following morning we were rowed to Devinish Island to see the most perfect of the seventy-three remaining towers out of the original one hundred and eighteen. It stands in strength and beauty beside the ruins of a cathedral, through whose crumbling arches rare views of lake and mountain can be had. Sunshine and blue sky added to our excursion, and as we leave fair Enniskillen, we sigh for more time and money in order to linger where we are most pleased.

At Bundoran (pronounced Bundorn) we found wretched hotels for a watering-place, and I concluded lodgings would be preferable, if one were to remain any length of time. After supper we followed the tide on its outward course for three-fourths of a mile over rocks and sea-weeds and were able to go about points and into caverns that were in the water when we arrived. Quite out at sea, we climbed the highest rock within reach, and watched the sun sink and full moon rise, at the identical moment. Then between moonlight and sunset-light we had a picture worth crossing the ocean to see, and when by eleven o'clock we sought our hotel it was still twilight. Until this day the season had been so cold and rainy, the poor shopkeepers told me that they had feared there would be no season.

Early the next morning we were off for Belleek in a jaunting-car, the day being fair, in order to economize time. This drive enabled us to see several villages better than we could from the train, and in the doors of the huts we saw women, busy with embroidery. They ran to us the moment we stopped, and one fine handkerchief, elegantly embroidered with the trefoil, they would sell for seven pence (or fourteen cents) to the buyers, and to us "for one and six, not forty cents, if we would be so kind as to give it." I had seen

one almost like it in a shop for one dollar and fifty cents, and in America the same would bring two dollars; if not much more.

Our driver, a young man, inquired a great deal about America, and told us he was paid nothing by the hotel for his services. He received his bed and grub from the proprietor, and outside of that "took his chances" for fees from passengers.

The road was lively with cars full of people in Sunday best attire going to a fair near by, "and also much cattle." One old couple sat on the front seat, while piggy occupied the rear. Here, too, we saw very small donkeys, loaded with panniers filled with vegetables, until they were almost hidden, which women drove as well as men.

Our driver said: "The throuble over here now is that our min are women and our women min. I don't know what will be the result. See that gurrl driving that kyar? Well, she can kyart or do the loikes of that as well as anny man, and bether."

He also told us the difference between an inside and an outside car. An outside car has its wheels on the inside, viz., beneath the seats, and an inside car (a covered vehicle) has its wheels on the outside. For his politeness and information of course he got a fee, when he had safely landed us at the only factory now in Belleek. Here a man took us through the works, explaining

every part of the process, from the pulverizing of the flint in huge vats to the firing. The kilns are immense affairs, and every two weeks are heated for a firing of forty-eight hours, which consumes thirteen tons of coal. This first firing makes biscuit-ware, after which it is enameled with a preparation of flint, borax, white lead, magnesia, and water, and fired twenty-four hours.

The burnishing is done with blood-stones by women, who get \$2.50 a week. The most interesting part was watching the making of flowers by an expert, who had worked at it since he was a boy. I asked them what they thought of the works we have for making the same ware in Trenton, N. J., and the guide replied: "They have injured us very much."

In the wareroom I saw a cup for \$2.50 that our American importers retail for \$5.00 and \$7.00, because the Irish Belleek mark is upon it. What a pity that the inventors of such an industry should ever have allowed any nation upon earth to interfere with its progress. With plenty of flint in its mountains close at hand, and the sea ever ready to give freely its shells, sea-weeds and corals for imitation, the power to hold its own seems wanting, and so by degrees the secret with the expert workmen has drifted off to a new country, where,

after all, they only make Trenton and not Belleek Belleek.

In Londonderry (Derry, as they call it here) we were agreeably surprised. I had always supposed it of necessity was the Irish Liverpool, but I found its shipping quite removed from the town, and old Derry proper almost as quaint as Chester, with a broad walk on its wall entirely about the city, and many very old gates, as well as monuments and churches. At the nearest one to the station I saw a seafaring style of man in a blue coat, and as I asked my way on to the wall he offered to show me. This he did so pleasantly and intelligently that he stayed with us during the entire round, and his sayings caused us many a laugh. Of course I asked if he belonged to the league, and he said : "I do, Miss."

"What do you think about the state of Ireland now?" was the next question.

"Well, to tell the truth, I've concluded there's no use in living in Rome and fighting the Pope," was his very sage answer.

A new guildhall was to be opened the next week by the Duke of Abercorn, and he showed this building with great pride. He also explained why the Irish miles were so long more intelligently than any one we had ever asked, saying : "You see an Irish mile is a mile and a bittock, and a

bittock is a mile. They first measured it with a mad dog and a woolen string, the dog gave a leap and the string stretched."

"Is Justin McCarthy, your M. P., liked?" I asked.

"Yes, by some, and no, by others; but his son has been anything but a favorite. There are not many men nowadays like Sir Robert Ferguson, whose statue you see over there. He was a member for twenty years. 'Bart.' is after his name, I don't know what for."

"Baronet," I suggested, glad to tell him even so small a thing in return for all his information.

"What do you think will help Ireland out of her present trouble?" I ask.

"Well, Miss, I'm thinking if the Lord would put His mighty hand on it about in the middle—and that would be Tipperary—and hold it down under the sea for fifteen minutes, when He brought it up again all the trouble would be remedied."

"Are you a Catholic?" I asked next.

"I am; and, strange to say, an old prophecy has just come to pass, and I believe it augurs good for Ireland's future."

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"Well, 'When O'Donnell rules in Donegal, and O'Dougherty in Derry, then Ireland shall be free.' The new Bishop of Donegal is only twenty-five

years old and named O'Donnell, and one O'Doherty is now Bishop of Derry," he replied.

I inquired where the opera house or theater was, and he said: "We don't have theaters or singing halls here, because the people would never make them pay. You see we are both busy and old-fashioned in Derry."

When the round of the walls was made, he showed us the post-office, where we got our first home letters, and then left us at a penny tram, which took us over to the Old Town and to our station, and we all agreed that an indigenous guide in a short time could tell one more than many guide-books.

And so, as I said at the beginning of this letter, if you never hear of me again, you will know I have decided to remain at the Causeway.

## LETTER VI.

### THE CAUSEWAY.

*Caves and Other Belongings of Fin MacCoul—Along the Antrim Coast—The White Horse Over the Doors that Has Nothing to Do with Red-haired Girls.*

STRANRAER, SCOTLAND, July 7, 1890.

THAT seeing is believing I grant you, but reading of or being told about a place does not mean a correct idea regarding it. For instance, from childhood I have been familiar with pictures of the Giant's Causeway on Ireland's most northern coast, as well as with descriptions of it. Imagine my astonishment then in finding that this great curiosity is only a small part of his demesne. From Portrush to the Causeway the coast is bluff and broken, and the only way thoroughly to enjoy its glorious nooks and crannies is to walk the distance, over as beautiful a beach as exists. Lack of time forced us to use the electric tramway, which disorganized all our watches. This has observation cars, and what cannot be seen from them must be imagined.

In front of me sat a dear old Irish lady who had been coming here from childhood, and yet she was full of enthusiasm and showed me everything of interest *en route* from the Giant's profile in a huge rock to Dunluce Castle, a remnant of feudalism which overtops the coast just before the Causeway is reached. At the terminus we were met by a guide who had given us his card the previous afternoon, upon our arrival at Portrush. He took possession of us, and after saying a dozen times in succession that he was the very best guide there, Archie Faull by name, and that he had taken Gen. Sherman about the Causeway, we concluded to employ him for his persistence.

The day was perfect except for a strong breeze, which did not deter us from taking our tickets for what is called the "Long Course." Before buying them I discovered that most tourists see the Causeway by walking to it. Hence our decision to see it from the water. Had we not done this, the Causeway might have come up to our expectations ; as it was it did not.

Our guide led the way to the boat, assuring us for the dozen and oneth time that he had been Gen. Sherman's guide, so we hastened on board by way of quietus, and after that the beauty of the scenery seemed to occupy his mind. Our two

brawny boatmen made a picture as they pulled us out from the rocky and sea-weed-girt harbor into the white-capped waves, toward the first of the two caves. This can be entered from the land, and while we felt its beauty, we desired to go on to the further one, that only those who are seaworthy can explore. Once before it, we were told how high and deep and wide it was, but as dimensions never remain in my mind a moment, all I can say is that it is higher than an ordinary dwelling-house, with an entrance broader than the front of such a house. The waves at its mouth strenuously objected to our advent, while those behind urged us on, until with a bound we cleared the sea soap-suds left from Fin MacCoul's bath that morning, and entered his rocky chamber. How shall I describe such grandeur? Let me try! The floor is of transparent Irish sea-water, beneath which we saw the foundation walls covered with embossed sea-weeds. Its dado is rose-hued, its walls sparkle with many minerals, and its frieze is of maiden-hair and other ferns. High above extends its ceiling of many-colored stones, among which beams of light, reflected from the floor, played hide-and-seek. No wonder the monarch of such grandeur thought he could lay a road-bed between Ireland and Scotland.

Out through the soap-suds we go again, bound-

ing and curveting about on the bluest of blue waves. In the distance we see steamers bound out of Derry for many ports, the only salvage within our reach being a dead gannet and an empty butter-tub. The latter our frugal seamen pull on board, after which with lusty strokes we head eastward for our destination, the Pleaskin. Between us and this rock lies the beginning of the Causeway, whose other end can be seen by Staffa and Iona off Scotland. Had such a Causeway stood until this day it would be the greatest fire-wrought curiosity of the world. As it is, one takes pleasure in fancying its foundations still lie beneath the sea, which, ever relentless, ever envious of its enemy, Fire, has taken pleasure in defacing the continuity of the most marvelous basaltic structure in the world.

From the sea the Causeway was certainly a disappointment, as photographs of it are taken evidently with the purpose of flattery. Like a short man, it is taken tall, and the "Now, ladies, I am sure you will be disappointed when I tell you that is the Causeway," from our guide, but expressed our feelings aloud.

"Yes we are disappointed," we say.

"Never mind," he adds, "wait until we begin to walk upon it, and then I am sure you will change your mind."

As we discovered later, the fact was we were

comparing it with the huge rocks that tower like the supports of a suspension bridge upon both sides from one hundred and forty to three hundred and sixty feet. These are all named by fancy, as they resemble organ-pipes, the Giant's Wife, the Nurse with their Baby, and in the rock are the Wife's footprints, which only a Chicago woman's shoe would fit to-day.

Leaving the Causeway behind we come in view of the largest amphitheater in the world, beside which Rome's glory would be a pygmy, and then beyond it the Pleaskin\* is reached. Here we turn and retrace our path part way, to land at the Causeway, going about a rocky island, which resembles a huge lion couchant, and when painted or photographed gives one some conception of the size of the Giant's animals. Our boatmen offer us boxes of specimens as we prepare to leave them; but fortunately we do not invest, as we find men willing to sell them for half the price on shore. One man was so like one of our boatmen that I exclaimed, as he approached us :

“ How did you get your boat back and change your clothes so quickly ? ”

“ I didn't, mum, I'm my brother's twin,” he answered, and, sure enough, he was the image of him ! He offered his wares for much less than his brother, one and sixpence a box, the others being

\* A huge rock.

two and sixpence, and yet when I wanted one specimen only, he asked one shilling for it, when the box contained at least twenty-five specimens. I advised him to put up smaller boxes, which one could more easily carry, and he left me with thanks for my suggestion and the assurance that he would order some small boxes at once.

With the aid of our guide we find the Lady's Fan of seven columns arranged in a semicircle. This formation is below the level of its companions and is usually full of water. We sit in the wishing-chair and drink from the wishing-well, and afterwards buy deep-red four and five-leaf clover leaves; and, in fact, like children, take in all the side and center shows and enjoy each one to the top of our bent. Our guide says he finds us different from most tourists; we go so slowly and see so much, and are such good sailors. The shaking we got that morning was enough to try our souls, and we don't seem to care for figures.

"Well," I answer for the party, "we are glad to know you have 50,000 of these basaltic columns, and that they vary in diameter from fifteen to twenty-six inches, but these figures don't make them any more beautiful, or assist us one iota to enjoy the variety and beauty of their shapes."

"Madam, you are right," he replies, "and I'm

rather glad to meet some one who takes me out of the humdrum routine of my daily life."

"Did you ever eat a pikelet?" I ask.

"What is that—something like an English muffin?" he inquires.

"Yes, we get them now in New York City under the name of crumpets, which they are not. This Causeway makes me think of an immense one. When baked and cooled they look exactly like it, on a small scale. The yeast you see forces each particle upwards, in which position it is baked."

"You are quite right, me lady," he laughingly replies, "there must have been a lot of yeast put in the Giant's bakin' the day he made the Causy."

"Are you pleased with the Long Course?" he asks, when once more we are in the hotel.

"Perfectly, and, more than that, we desire to recommend you to our friends." As quick as a flash he produced a book, and herein with Gen. Sherman and others we put our names.

If I were to stay a night here I should go to Kane's Hotel next door. It is much more reasonable than the Causeway Hotel, and is presided over by good-natured and huge Mrs. Kane, who attends to business herself. Unfortunately, though, our hotel is not in with the electric tramway which won't allow her porters access to the trains. So I

advised her to have a trustworthy man to visit all Portrush trains and give strangers her cards.

This visit took place while we waited to have a machine brought around for the first division of our Antrim coast trip, for our driver had taken four of us from the other hotel on a jaunting-car and was very indignant because we refused to let two large women with baskets and a small child get on with us. He was the only disagreeable Irishman we met, and before the end of the journey I was forced to give him a glimpse into the state of my mind regarding his peculiar style of character. Suffice to say, we got a very comfortable wagonette, in which we made an easy journey to Bally Castle. This drive of about three hours would be far pleasanter if just an hour more was allowed, for there would then be time to go to Carrick-a-Rede, an island of some two acres, which is connected with the steep main-land by a swinging bridge of rope, which in its way is a curiosity. I should rather see this from the shore than attempt to imitate Blondin, by walking over it, with a yawning chasm one hundred feet beneath me. Still one should see it, and the half hour allowed for this détour while the horses are climbing a steep hill is not nearly long enough.

Another piece of advice—don't stop at Bally

Castle. It is an uninteresting town, with very indifferent hotels, and upon this particular night had a merry-go-round in its public square upon which the windows of our hotel opened. This kept up a terrible grind until nearly twelve o'clock, making enough noise for a thing three times its size.

The journey from the Causeway to Larne is no longer than many other coaching trips, and I would rather do it in one day than try to rest where rest could not be found.

As we were about to take the coach the next morning for Larne, a clean berry woman asked us to patronize her. Her gooseberries had cheeks as red as her own, although she was by no means young. And as I asked the price of them per quart, I said: "You must have been a pretty woman when you were young."

"Arragh, then, I gets four pence ha'penny for thim, me leddy, but you shall have thim for four-pence, as many as you like, for your pretty compliment."

Here a by-stander chimed in: "She is a clean old woman and she has a man as clean as herself, sure."

The result was we bought out her stock in trade and all started off eating gooseberries, as sweet as honey, out of huge cabbage-leaves.

This was the glorious Fourth of July, and not one of our party had an American flag! On the coach, however, were four Americans with one about three inches square, given them the day they sailed, on the topmast of a ship of flowers, and we made the most of this, as you may believe. Our wish that the coach would contain Americans alone on that day had been fulfilled, and as we passed through towns or by groups of picnickers one of the gentlemen would wave the flag and invariably get a "hip, hip, hurrah!" in acknowledgment.

On a fence in one town we passed sat a ragged little Irish boy. The flag was shaken at him, as we went swiftly on, with "Do you know what that is, my boy?"

"Star Spangled Banner!" he shouted after us, much to our surprise.

All this time we were going along beneath huge rocks of limestone, or through natural arches of it, and after we passed Glen Arm, where we stopped for luncheon and a change of coaches, we had the sea ever before us. I should advise those who travel here to be provided with luncheon. At Glen Arm I ordered four chicken sandwiches. The driver being impatient, I followed up the order, to find they were doing up in newspaper four mutton sandwiches.

"This will never do! I ordered chicken!" I exclaimed. "Take out the meat, please, and give me the chicken separate."

By this time I was in the kitchen of the hotel and found four women seemingly paralyzed. At this, knowing the driver was in a rage at the delay, I sent one for white paper, another for chicken, another for pepper and salt, and with my own hands removed the mutton from between the bread. When they all returned I did up the bundle and paying what they asked, and charging them nothing for service, tore out to the coach with my booty. Hence, as I have said, don't allow your nerves to be racked in this manner when you do the Antrim coast, but provide yourself in advance.

As we get nearer Larne, we see the limestone undergoing shipment to Glasgow and other ports, and the natives, men and women, as well as children, at work on the beach. Now what would you believe they are doing? Well, the tide is out, and for a great distance the stones are covered with the deep sea-weeds, and these they are gathering and putting on the big rocks by the road or on stone walls to dry, while others are taking the already dried weeds off in wagons. Do you wish to know what they do with the dried ones? Nothing more or less than burn them to ashes, which a native told me are sold to wool

works and dyeing establishments. Thus their native element, the sea, furnishes them support which, with very little labor, they can take advantage of. There are certain kinds of kelp they find nourishing for food. I have often seen it for sale in the streets, but never desired the experience enough to warrant trying to eat it. "Some likes it biled, and some likes it raw wid vinegar," one old woman who sold it informed me, and I am sure she was rather hurt that I did not on the strength of that information buy a bushel for my next meal.

The day for this trip was so perfect that we hardly dared mention the fact for fear it might rain. Towards the last we took on some native passengers, and one very neat Irish woman gave me a deep-red rose, saying, "You can tell now you had a flower from the Marquis of Londonderry's castle in Ireland!"

At Larne our coach drew up in front of its proprietor's hotel, the genial Hugh McNeill. He met us at the door, and finding we could not remain that night, said: "If you will have supper here, I will send my carriage for you to take a drive about the town and get you off in plenty of time to reach Belfast early." We could not but accept such unexpected hospitality, and at six-thirty o'clock, after a most refreshing tea, we

drove for nearly two hours under the guidance of as amusing a "horsy gentleman" for coachman and after two as gay ponies as I have ever seen. Mr. McNeill had bade him take us up on the hill overlooking the harbor, but, like most of his set, he "'ad 'is own way of thinkin'" and took us instead, as he well said, "to the purtiest 'amlet in hexistence." The houses were whitened with the lime common in that district, and thatched, and with the accompanying mill-dam and huge trees, that should go with a proper village, it was indeed a gem. As we went to it the sea was on our left, and a quantity of what he called "sea 'ens, hall feathers and bones, Miss, not worth shootin,'" were flying about the harbor.

"Don't this beat hall hother villages hinto fits?" he cries, as we dash down the main street.

"Indeed, it does," I answered. "What do they make in these mills?"

"Whitnin', Miss, used mostly, I believe, for adulteratin' sugar and such like."

The main road is full of what we would call "thank-you-ma'ms" in America. I tell him this, and he—would I could show you his comical face—replies: "Well, Miss, I calls 'em small naps, but if you was to hask me I couldn't christen 'em, unless 'twas to say 'ills and 'ollers, which they is, sure."

On our return two carriages pass us containing an Irish wedding party. They are very jolly, and he told us no one was half married unless he could have at least two carriages for the day. These cost two pounds, or ten dollars, and hold eight people. This is only one of the many queer notions the people have in Ireland, the chiefest of which is placing a white horse over the front door. These are made of plaster of Paris, and as the opening over the door is filled in with glass they show to advantage. One day I asked a man their significance, and he replied: "They have nothing to do with red-headed girls, I can tell you."

"How did you know of that saying?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, I've lived out in Texas, and when I first went there I tried everywhere to buy a white horse to put over my window, for without it I did not feel at home."

Our English driver was a man far above such Irish follies, and he had the look in his face the darkey had when he called his kinky-haired offspring in from the street, where he was playing with some Irish street gamins, saying: "Charles Augustus, come in yhear right smart out ob dat gang; fust ting you know people'll take you for Iish." Suffice to say he begged us to say the view was "very fine," if Mr. McNeill asked us about

the drive, "for I don't want to get hinto trouble, Miss, only I know hit would be too 'ard work for the 'orses if I took 'em hup that 'ill;" and so when our host asked "if the view was fine," we said, "Yes, indeed, it was." And thus every one was pleased on all sides. Strangest of all, not one cent were we allowed to pay, so the driver came in for a good fee when he left us at the station.

Can I do less than urge every one to do the Antrim coast, and at the end make a friend of big-hearted Hugh McNeill in Larne, whose enterprise directs the trip and makes it possible to spend an entire day comfortably in sight of the islands of Scotland, with the sea stretched before you?

We found in Belfast a driving, well-built and enterprising city, and took much pleasure in visiting its linen show-rooms, among them that of Brown & Sons. A nephew of the firm took us about through the rooms and offered to go out to their suburban works with us if we had time. As it was, he told us every dozen of their napkins and every table-cloth had the trefoil in one corner, hence the buyer need never be confused regarding their make. "Here are a pile of handkerchiefs going out to Flint & Kent of your city," he said, as we came into the handkerchief department, and, as usual, they were the finest and best.

One shop unfurls the American flag every morning by way of catching trade, you see, as they do in Dublin.

If any of my readers ever are fortunate enough to see Belfast, do not be induced to go to the Royal Avenue Hotel. It is a commercial travelers' hotel *par excellence* and we were forced to eat in the common coffee-room. Here some of the men had their hats on. I called the head-waiter and asked if there was no other room.

"Is this not all right, madam?" he asked.

"No, I didn't suppose it was, from the presence of the men I see over there. If we remain you will have to ask them to remove their hats."

At this he made a bee-line for the kitchen. As the hats were not removed and he did not return, I called for him and asked, "Are you not going to have those men remove their hats? I suppose, as head-waiter, it is your business to see your dining-room is not converted into a bar-room!"

"Well," (he was German) he said, shrugging his shoulders, "what is one with them to do—spike to them?"

"Yes," I replied, "spike them with your tongue, and see if you can move them."

This he proceeded to do, seeing I was determined to have quiet and order or not remain.

Hats removed and Home Rule established, we asked for muffins.

“Muffins!” he reiterates.

“Yes, muffins; have you none? they are on the bill of fare.”

“No, but we can send out and you them buy,” he replies.

As, of course, we would not put him to the trouble of them to buy, we, after a weary wait, had some miserable coffee and cold toast. Now, such a breakfast does not tend to make even the most saintly in harmony with the world, and so I again impress it upon you, despite its prominent situation and reputation, don’t go there.

We regretted not being able to go to see the beautiful glen just out of Belfast, which our horsy friend of Larne had highly recommended, as well as Rosstrevor, not far south of Belfast.

After contenting ourselves with a walk about the old Linen Hall, and paying our respects to our new consul, we returned in the afternoon to beautiful Larne. We could see our route there better than the previous evening, and realized for the first time how well placed Belfast is, almost on the sea, and yet completely hidden in its bay, which can hold an immense fleet.

Between it and Larne are many country places, all possessing some local attraction.

We were to take the newest steamer in the line, our train going directly down to the wharf, and were told she took "only eighty minutes to cross to Stranraer."

Alas! The wind was rampant, and the passage was made in two hours and some odd minutes instead. The boat was thoroughly baptized, and many were sick. I went out to the bow rather than stay in the stuffy cabin, and nothing but holding on with all the strength I possessed kept me from being washed overboard. Some Scotchmen sought this place also, as being less likely to be wet, but a head-wind in her teeth caused the boat to perform all kinds of antics, and so for the nonce we were all birds of a feather. Mackintoshes kept us somewhat dry, but just as we turned into the harbor of Lough Ryan a wave covered us, and "Well, you are a brave little woman! Where do you come from?" burst from them in chorus.

"America," I gasped, as I shook myself somewhat free from the water.

"We thought you were not English, didn't we, Bob?" said a red-faced Sandy.

"And I thought so, too," I answered, "when that wave struck me, for I felt like a mermaid, and didn't know for a moment but that I'd have to be one."

Despite this wetting, I caught no cold and spent a peaceful Sunday at Stranraer at the hospitable "George."

As far as food and attendance goes, one is glad to be through with Ireland, but some peculiarities hold here as there. Your "Please bring me some water," is invariably answered by "Bilin', Miss?" until you laugh and say, "No, cold for drinking!" and if you are not very sharp the waiter will come with a pot of "bilin'," and kindly dilute your coffee in the twinkling of an eye, which is already the essence of weakness from too large a dose of chicory, bran, beans, and everything but coffee. However, the scenery, antiquity and history of Great Britain must be its excuse for backwardness and failings in a great many particulars, and we begin by finding the Scotch brogue a pleasant change from the Irish, and enter upon our Scotch trip with the enthusiasm due to fair weather, cool breezes and good health.

## LETTER VII.

### BURNS AND SCOTT.

*Scenes Full of Recollections of their Lives—Fine Drives amid the Heather—Dumfries, Melrose, Abbotsford, the Falls of the Clyde, and Tillietudlem Castle.*

GLASGOW, July 14, 1890.

HAS it ever occurred, I wonder, to any of the *Courier's* readers how satisfactory it would be if, after enjoying certain roads or particular streams, hills or valleys, one could let them know what an amount of joy they had given, or how they had even exceeded the most exalted anticipation? Instead, we enjoy giving vent to exclamations of pleasure and are very thankful to a wise Creator for all His endowments to this world of ours. These thoughts have come to me during a recent trip planned and executed successfully, without the aid of railway officials' advice, but with plenty of discouragement from them. I proposed to go from Dumfries to Ayr without going *via* Kilmar-nock, Edinburgh, or Glasgow. Every railway man I asked information of said no one went that way,

it was entirely out of tourists' routes. "Then I will do it, and find out my way bit by bit, which will be all the more interesting," I would answer.

From Stranraer to Dumfries we passed through a most interesting country, dotted with gems of lochs, being often within sight of the many bays of the Solway Firth. From this part of Scotland come the huge black steeds called Galloways, and in the train we found the change in the people's speech from Irish to Scotch quite interesting.

Once in Dumfries, which teems with memories of Robert Burns, we went a short walk from the station to the Globe Inn, where Burns, with a host of friends, had spent many a night and partaken of many a meal. It is found, after threading a white-washed and very clean close or wynd, and passing through its quaint grill-room into the best parlor, we find Burns's chair in the very corner he used to occupy. Here are already three Scotch women and two men. The eldest of the latter rises as we enter, and, taking him for the master of the house, I bid him good-day. He cordially shakes me by the hand and asks me to be seated. Before doing so I say: "Can you give us some refreshments? I had a delicious cup of tea here once, two years ago."

Here the younger man speaks up with: "Hout, Davy, man, the leddy takes ye for landlord."

"And is he not?" I ask.

"Indeed he is not; only Davy Thomson of Dumfries, who has brought us here to see the place where R-r-rob-art Bur-r-rns used to live lang syne!"

My mistake caused a laugh and made us all acquainted. That Americans should care for, or even know about, the poet seemed to surprise as well as please them, and when some of us quoted a bit they went into ecstacies, saying they believed we liked him and knew him better than English or Scotch. Of course we all sat in the chair by the fireside for inspiration and went up to Burns's bedroom above, to see the window-panes upon which he had scratched in verse the following tribute to the *Globe Inn*:

"Whatever you choose, be 't ale or beer,  
Or whatever fit your nob,  
At moderate fare, you may have here,  
The best that's in the *Globe*."

On an adjoining pane he expressed his opinion in this way regarding some rustic beauty:

"O lovely Polly Stewart,  
O charming Polly Stewart,  
There's no a flower that blooms in May  
That's half so fair as thou art."

And, best of all, we discovered a different version of his famous "Comin' thro' the Rye":

"Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' thro' the grain,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
The thing's a body's ain."

After this Mr. Thomson (without the letter p) warmed to the subject, and told some very interesting anecdotes of the poet. The most personal one was that his father was apprenticed to the man who made Burns's coffin, and that when the poet was reinterred his father made the second coffin.

After the ladies had generously shared some beautiful roses with us, we parted with a handshake all around, the younger man telling us, as his name was Adam, his wife's name was Eve.

After this we visited Burns's grave, covered by a mausoleum, about which his favorite pink-tipped daisy grew in wild profusion; also the house in which he died, now occupied by the principal of an industrial school for boys.

Not far from here in the churchyard of the Grey Friars Monastery, is a new building in place of the ancient church in which Bruce slew the Red Comyn. To reach it we pass the square in which is Burns's monument, quite the most satis-

factory one yet erected to his memory. In front of the church I found the same coachman I had employed two years ago, looking just as natural and as pleased to see me as if only hours instead of years had intervened since last we met.

Dumfries makes me think of the sun when it shoots forth visible rays in every direction as it is about to set. From it diverge many roads, but from one to the other you cannot pass unless by returning to Dumfries to get a fresh start. This is an aggravating state of affairs, if one is tied to time ; but if not it is a very pleasant way to realize geography.

One of these roads leads to the grave of Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, in Scott's famous story ; another to that of "Old Mortality," who rests beneath the sod in Caerlaverock Churchyard. This we decided to visit, and were further interested in Caerlaverock village and church, as it is said to be the original of Ellengowan in "Guy Mannering."

With pleasure and profit we might have continued our quest to Caerlaverock Castle, which stands on a rock at times quite surrounded by the incoming tide of the Solway Firth ; but we had planned to visit New or Sweetheart Abbey, and back we go again to the heart of Dumfries. Both of these drives were between hedges of hawthorn,

in the absence of its own bloom radiant with the blossoms of sweet briar, honeysuckle, and purple vetch, which climbed in profuse unison, while the more modest yellow vetch, with big-eyed violets and speedwell, remained by the roadside in companionship with sweet red and white clover and different grasses.

The ruin of New Abbey is not large, but it is especially artistic, and the added sentiment regarding the burial of the heart of Balliol, here in the grave of his devoted wife, the founder, inclines us rather to call it *Douce Coeur* or *Sweetheart Abbey*, rather than *New*.

Just as we are about to enter it a summer shower comes up, which wets the dark stone of the ruin, bringing out its color, and, with every corner and arch dripping, we investigate its length and breadth.

On leaving we discover it is supper-time, and, while waiting for our coachman to return from baiting his horse, we step into the rose-covered porch of a modest cottage close at hand. Hearing our chatter, the owner comes to the door and cordially invites us in. Of course we accept, and in some mysterious way she finds out we are hungry, and almost before we know it supper is served. Boiled eggs, delicious strawberry jam, tea, cold lamb, and cold biscuit!

"Could we have them split in half and toasted?" I ask.

"Indeed you may," she answers.

As they don't come in fast enough for our voracity, I take the liberty of going out into the kitchen, and, of course, that seems to hurry matters to those waiting in the dining-room.

How hungry we are! Yet not so much so that we cannot notice the wax wreaths which have served on several funeral occasions, in memoriams, printed in very black type in shape of a tombstone, and family groups hanging about the wall.

Just as we finish, our driver appears, and back we go to Dumfries, between dripping hedges, and over a decidedly dust-laid road.

How much was our supper, do you ask? Well, our hostess would not take but a shilling per head (twenty-five cents of our money), and so we felt able to invest in some photographs of the village miller, who kept the Abbey keys, and lived in the high street hard by.

I am sure no one would regret giving one week to Dumfries and vicinity, and I shall be glad if this hasty sketch of what we did in a few hours should induce anyone so to do.

At 7.15 we find a train that will take us to Moffat *via* Lockerby and Beattock, making direct

connections, but changing twice. Over here they shunt their passengers and not their cars. This is most enjoyable, as one must run about and see if one's luggage has been also transferred.

As the summer shower went before us, we find Moffat clean-washed, and the quietest spot in the world.

Its main avenue is very broad, and the town reminds one of Palmyra, N. Y. The Buccleuch Arms, which we choose, has just gone into new hands, and is spic-span new throughout, and with only the delay a cup of tea and delicious toast will occasion, we are soon in bed and asleep.

In the morning we take a stroll up to the post-office, which gives us a chance to see the beaux and belles on their way to drink the water of the saline well.

Again we say, how quiet it is? Indeed a person weary of noise and bustle would do well to seek out Moffat, for it is in every way suited to calm a tired mind.

Its grand trees, its life-giving springs, its nearness to so much that is historic, made a great impression upon us, and especially do we remember that the manager of its bank gave us money on our letter of credit, despite the fact that his bank was not a correspondent of Brown, Shipley & Co. But the oft-sung beauties of St. Mary's

Loch are still unknown to us, and, although it looks like rain, we take outside seats and prepare for a day's drive. The first half of the journey is a succession of surprises. In the first place, the sun comes out; secondly, we have a gentlemanly Scotchman on the seat ahead of us who is going to his childhood's home and knows every inch of the country perfectly; and thirdly, the recent rain has filled all the streams, which come tumbling over the rocks on both sides of the road to the Moffat. This river, but a stream itself, grows beautifully less as we approach its source, despite reinforcements from a really high and turbulent waterfall called the Grey Mare's Tail.

We descend and walk up to it, over hills quite destitute of trees, but covered with a variety of lichens and quantities of parsley fern, as well as many wild flowers.

About one mile further, upon the top of a brae, stands the home of our traveling companion. His father, very old but still erect, with visage stern, comes out to water our horses, barely nodding to his son, but the mother is in the doorway to greet him, and he forms a conspicuous figure among the other homespun members of the family, clad as he is in clothes of a stylish cut. Directly in front of their door, across the road, is a bit of marshy ground. In this rise both the Moffat and Yarrow,

the latter going north, the former, as I have shown you, flowing south. Not a house is to be seen on any side, but instead, everywhere hills, covered with sheep and heather.

As we descend, following the Yarrow, we find a few homes, but they are far between.

“Where do you bury your dead?” I asked of the driver.

“Well, I don’t know, Miss, to tell the truth; our people live forever.”

Hence we have christened the mound-like lime-kilns, we see from time to time, family vaults, and many a merry smile have we raised upon the usually grim visages of our different drivers by the inquiry when one was seen by the roadside: “Driver, is that a family vault?”

At last we get a glimpse of St. Mary’s Loch, the lake which Hogg, Wordsworth, Scott, and many other poets have celebrated in prose and verse, and find it every whit as beautiful as they did, when once we are in plain sight of it. With a flourish our coachman brings us up in front of Tibbie Shiel’s cottage, which, although its owner has been dead eleven years, yet bears her name, and which by any other name would not be one-half so sweet. Her son, George Richardson, who succeeded his mother upon her death in 1879, was sitting in the kitchen, family sitting-room, and former bedroom

of his mother, as we entered. This was just the room we had wished to see, and he was amused at our exclamations as we investigated the fireplace, the ceiling, and finally the beds built into the wall. A halt of two hours or more enabled us to see the very appropriate statue erected to the Ettrick Shepherd in the high road and enjoy a real Scotch-cooked dinner.

Our second stage of the journey was made lively by a most intelligent driver, a character in fact, by name Robert Wallace, and he kept our heads turning one way or the other every moment until Selkirk was reached, as he pointed out a hiding-place of the Covenanters, a ruined tower, a Roman bridge, or what not, all through the Vale of Yarrow. In fact, the whole day was a delight, even the broom being in full flower here, which made the road-banks a glare of yellow.

At Selkirk, which stands on a hill, we had tea, and by 8.30 o'clock were settled at the Abbey Hotel in Melrose.

This is the most central place from which to visit Abbotsford and Dryburgh, but, if one has plenty of time, Kelso is a more interesting town and quite as near Dryburgh. Its ruined abbey was the childhood's idol of Sir Walter Scott, and upon the banks of the Tweed he spent many an hour reading "Percy's Reliques," the very copies

he used being still in the town library. I went there for a night and could have remained a week, so comfortable was I at the Queen's Head, quite a different place from the extravagant and poorly kept Abbey Hotel at Melrose. From Kelso one can also go up and down the Tweed, the Teviot, or the Jed. In fact, the place is full of history, turn where you will, and satisfies and gratifies one's love of the poetic, artistic, or historic.

The evening of our arrival at Melrose the sun had set in gorgeous clouds, and from 9 o'clock until 10.30 we wandered about the Abbey, whose spans and arches were most entrancing in the twilight, which never seems to leave the sky until daybreak comes with its decided light again at about 3.30 o'clock.

On our way to Abbotsford, the next morning, we passed through Darnick, which still has a Border or Peel Tower few tourists ever see on account of the uniform ignorance of Melrose coachmen, but which is not only picturesque but unique.

Abbotsford, I would like to assure all tourists, has not been sold by Mrs. Maxwell Scott, as has been asserted in all the papers. It has only been rented for a term of years, and that part sacred to her famous ancestor is as available to the public (upon payment of the open sesame shilling) as ever it was.

Our party fortunately only had added to it three Scotch women, and Flynn, the usually gruff custodian, was a perfect dear upon the occasion, allowing us to linger in the rooms, answering questions with patience, and finally allowing us to go out into the front entrance court, from which we could see the grand doorway, and the grave of faithful and much-loved Maida. The Scotch women were in a state of exclamation, and as we turned to go out Flynn informed them they must consider themselves in luck, and thank the Yankee lady who had had her way about seeing everything that morning that he "never showed no one."

"Have you never been here before?" I asked.

"No, and we live in Edinburgh, too, if you'll believe it," they answered.

"Of course you have read all of Scott's novels," I ventured to inquire.

"No, we have not; but now, I dare say, we will do so, having been here."

Even this great poet is not without honor still, you see!

On our way back to Dryburgh we stopped and walked up the Fairy Glen or Ellawyland Scott has used so picturesquely in "The Monastery," and then continued our drive, *via* Gattonside and Bemerside. In the former town are raised quan-

tities of fruit. One house, before which we stopped to buy strawberries and cherries, had its entire front hidden by a cherry-tree, trained flat against the plaster, and the fruit, which hung in profusion upon it, was protected from birds by a huge net stretched over it from end to end.

The rest of our drive from here to Dryburgh was the realization of a dream, for over this very road Scott had often ridden, and by it his funeral cortege wended its way to his last resting-place. It is not the usual way, however, to get to Dryburgh, because Bemerside Hill is a long pull, but insistence helps one to many a victory, and when we had reached the very hill upon which Sir Walter used to rest his pony while he drank in the view, we felt nearer to him than ever before. Here was no change. The Tweed, lying in sinuous beauty, could be traced as far as Galashiels. The Eildon hills stood sharply out, green from top to toe, and beyond, silent and ruined, was Dryburgh. What could we have asked for more !

For several hours we wandered about Dryburgh, while dozens of parties were shoo-ed through it by the guide in order to catch a train. Having plenty of time, we found some most curious grave-stones in the cemetery close at hand, which had rudely-cut figures upon them reading or singing from a book.

Our next journey was to Galashiels, the busiest town of its size in the world, where we visited one of the largest and oldest tweed manufactories, owned by the Messrs. Cochrane. A member of the firm most politely took us about, and we saw the entire process, from the washing of the dirty wool to the coloring, carding, weaving and finishing.

In the station we saw one of that wonderful race of fish-wives for which the neighborhood of Edinboro' is famous. She was a perfect picture, from her white-frilled cap to her woolen-stockinged legs, with her skirts quite above the ankles and an outer dress pinned at the hips, so as to form a V-shape in front. Her Scotch was full of the essence of broadness, and her name, Robina Miller Richie, she told us was R-r-rob-e-na-Meal-ler A-R-r-retchey. She had also been a widow these twelve years, she said, her husband leaving her, when he was drowned at sea, with five children and one to bear. These she had brought up in the fear of the Lord, and sent them all to school by selling haddies for twenty-five years every day in Galashiels. Her face was handsome still beneath show-white hair, although she was but fifty. How I wish I could give you her exact words, gestures, and pronunciation, during our conversation. Finding we were from America she asked if we would shake hands

with her, and when I told her I had crossed the ocean three times, she straightened herself up, and replied: "Ma dear-r-r, ya cud na do that unless the dear-r-r Lard was wi' ye, mind thet!" Last of all she offered us some "Caller haddies very chep." "See Peter's mar-r-k 'pon them of his thumb," she said, by way of inducement, but we explained we had no home at present, and satisfied her with a few pennies, as a peace-offering instead.

Between this adventure and reading the advertisements, we whiled away the time until our train was due. The competition in tea here is immense, if one may judge from the advertisements. "Everyone should drink Mazawatte, from Ceylon," we are told. And as in the hotels we find the tea bitter and boiled, we have taken to calling it the "Waz-a-mattee with it" brand.

At Innerleithen we stopped merely for the sake of seeing the historic Traquair House; a short drive out of town, but we lost our hearts to pretty Mrs. McPherson at the Traquair Arms, when we engaged our carriage, and concluded to remain the night there instead of in Peebles. Our supper was really home-like, everything delicious, and again fried potatoes, without asking for them. After supper Mrs. McPherson directed us how to walk to St. Ronan's Well, and upon our return took us through their fine stables, containing many

horses and all kinds of traps, and finally invited us to see a game of bowls in the club grounds of which her husband was a member. Within sight and sound of our hotel, a band of village youths were giving an evening concert. The leader was paid by the town to teach them, and really the music was quite reviving. My advice to all is, do visit Innerleithen. The old saline spring, still fashionable, is drinkable, the town quiet, the Traquair Arms home-like, and Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, the kindest of friends, will plan no end of excursions for you about this, the most interesting part of Scotland.

Early next morning we were off for Peebles, employing the two hours there before leaving for Lanark, in visiting its two ruined churches and Cross Key's Inn, the original of "Meg Dod's" in "St. Ronan's Well," and from the Caledonian station getting a fine view of Niedpath Castle on the Tweed.

At the post-office I asked if there was any mail for me.

"Any what?" asked the man in charge.

"Mail," I answered.

At this he turned and consulted with six men at work with letters, and returning said :

"Do you mean letters and newspapers?"

"Yes," I answered, rather impatiently. "What else could I mean?"

"I don't know, I'm shoo-ah," he replied, "but we don't call them by that name he-ah."

As I took my departure I wondered if *they* called themselves males they-ar.

I was very glad to be once more on the Caledonian Railway, which we had left at Moffat, for by close questioning I had discovered there was great rivalry between it and the North British, and that officials of the latter road were not allowed Caledonian time-tables. Hence if I wished to get to Lanark from Melrose they would send me to Glasgow and down to Lanark; or if I wanted Ayr they would send me *via* Edinburgh and Glasgow, instead of letting me dream there was any other way just within my reach. Thus when Lanark was reached, without the aid of the North British roads, we felt we deserved to be congratulated.

The best way to see the Falls of the Clyde from Lanark is to arrange for your own conveyance, if with a party. Otherwise you will have to abide the time of the coaching trips, which are just as expensive. The first two falls, Bonnington and Corra Linn, are most beautiful and thirty and eighty-five feet high. The walk up the glen to them is easily accomplished, as there are plenty of

resting-places, and Wallace's Cave can also be seen *en route*. In fact, this district teems with memories of Wallace gained in childhood from the "Scottish Chiefs." The second fall is in another direction further down the Clyde, and the drive to it takes one through the garden of Scotland. The hills are covered with strawberries and vegetables, and the fall of Stonebyres, sixty-eighth feet high, has enough beauty to recommend it to the tourist.

At Crossfords my friends left me to return to Ayr while I made a most unique excursion, viz.: between high hedges, up, up, up a brae, I reached a high road. From time to time I met miners, wearing hats with a lamp in the front, who bowed in passing and remarked that it was a fine day. The road led me into a glen, much like that at Watkins, and for three-quarters of an hour I climbed through this, utterly alone but for the birds and stream, and creeping things with which it teemed. The trees were old and moss-grown, and where one had died ivy had covered it over and quite buried it from sight in a generous embrace.

At last I reached my goal, Tillietudlem, or, more properly, Craignethan Castle, which first name Sir Walter Scott is responsible for in his "Old Mortality." It is the grandest ruin I ever visited,

and reaching it by such a romantic path made it all the more charming. A very ancient house in the huge court-yard is inhabited by the keeper employed by the Earl of Home who owns it; and after a look about, his wife served me a homelike tea in the quaintest old kitchen, while she sat sewing in a mediaeval window near by ready to do my bidding. "Granny," the cat, with her little grandchild, of whom she said, "She does na need anybody till amuse her; she's no the least pettit or trouble," played by the hearth of a curious old fire-place, and only the need of being in Glasgow that night ever made me leave such a peaceful scene. I truly envied the artists at work in the twilight, as I wended my way past a huge coal mine to Tillietudlem station.

Just before the train arrived three English people, who had been on our coach to the falls that day, came panting into the station. A smile of recognition passed between us.

"Did you enjoy the Castle?" I asked.

"What Castle?" they exclaimed, "we've come all the way through the glen but saw no Castle!"

"Did you not know of it?" I asked.

"No; was it worth visiting?"

"Well, its what I went through the glen for, otherwise I never should have taken such a tramp," I replied.

"Oh de-ar," they puffed out, "how very provoking!"—and just here the train took them up out of my sight.

Glasgow was reached through blazing skies. On either side of the train were hundreds of furnaces at work, and one might almost imagine one was appoaching the infernal regions. In fact Glasgow is rather a wicked city in the lower parts, even more wicked than London, they tell me, and yet I found the West End knows little of what the East End doeth.

## LETTER VIII.

### THE SCOTTISH LAKES.

*Mountains and Valleys of Romantic and Historic Interest—  
A Delightful Old Coachman—Regions where the people  
Talk Gaelic Alone to their Horses.*

DUNKELD, SCOTLAND, August 13, 1890.

IT is all very well to say, "Buy guide-books and study them, when preparing for a trip." Indeed, I know this is quite an English fashion; but after all, more information can be obtained in one conversation from a real live and intelligent traveler, who has been over the ground you anticipate doing, than many days of research for yourself could ever yield. He tells you what hotels full of pitfalls to avoid, or what ones to be sure to employ, what routes give you the best scenery for the most reasonable sum, and about those that are exorbitant and fatiguing. And when, having heeded well his words, your excursion turns out a perfect one, you congratulate yourself upon having the good fortune to encounter such an intelligent Britain abroad.

In this letter I shall give a few pen-on-paper etchings of a most enjoyable Scotch trip made under blue skies, with plenty of sunshine and cool weather. The only drawback was the continual holiday excursions, which, whenever we employed the railway, crowded us and tried our tempers. If the people only went for a picnic, one would gladly sympathize with them in the event, but when their vacation is made up of drunkenness, as noticeable in the highways as by-ways, it gets to be a matter for serious contemplation, and of regret that we are here during July rather than August.

\*       \*

Glasgow has much to offer for the entertainment of a stranger, both in itself and neighborhood, turn towards whatever point of the compass he may. A quiet Bath street lodging gives one home comforts, if the choice is a fortunate one. Your landlady wears inimitable caps and antique gowns and has an indescribable speech and manner that the absence of all but one tooth, which swings in her upper jaw, does not detract from. You buy your own dinner if you choose, or she does it for you and gives you the bill ; and furthermore you may superintend the cooking thereof.

Instead of the everlasting mutton, cabbage, and sweets (pastry), you wisely order what Scott called

"the statutory dainties of old England," roast beef and pudding (Yorkshire, after your own recipe), peas, artichokes, salad, and red raspberries, or rasps, as they are called here for short. This repast at a hotel *table d'hôte* would cost four people twenty English shillings. In Bath street lodgings it costs them less than half that.

\*       \*       \*

The Sauchiehall Street Cyclorama of Bannockburn takes one back to the days of Bruce, and is a happy preparation for a visit to Stirling. One old woman was so charmed with the entire scene that she informed her good man in an earnest whisper she'd like to remain there for ever. "Weel," he replied, "if ye'll do so, Jeanie, I'll ne'er grudge the saxpence it cost me to get ye in." Connected with it was a restaurant that furnished well-cooked food and really good coffee for a modest sum.

\*       \*       \*

A morning spent in Forrester's antique book shop is a perfect treat. Name any book, no matter how old or rare the edition, and you have it at once in your hand. He knows you can't purchase, and tells you he would rather talk and show books to an interested person than sell them

to one who is ignorant, so you feel comfortable, at least, and enjoy the treat to the top of your bent.

\* \* \*

The three frolicsome falls of the Clyde have here assumed magnificent proportions, for a Scotch river, and upon its tide, the Cloth (Clyde) line of swift steam-yachts bears one to the sea. These can be boarded at any of its bridges, the fee a penny, and one must gaze quickly upon both banks in order not to miss the Broomielaw, against which are moored the Anchor and State Line steamships, an old training-ship used as a reformatory for boys, a new horse ferry-boat, named *Fanniston*, just launched, with its double deck, looking not unlike a house afloat, and myriads of other craft from every country on the globe.

\* \* \*

Through the middle of the stream, ships heavy with freight are being towed to the sea. As we dart in and out between these, to land and take on passengers, a distant murmur is heard, which increases as the river becomes broader. A million anvil choruses could not drown it now, for 'tis the song of the building of the ship, whose melody cheers the heart of many a man. See, on either hand, ships in all stages, from start to

finish, as profound mysteries to us as the making of a bonnet from bits of wire, foundation, lace and ribbon would be to a ship-builder. The last yard contains the *Phranang* ready to be launched on the morrow, complete as to hulk only. For the carpenter-work to be put on her, she will take the place in a neighboring dock of a beauty ready to sail. A whistle announces the dinner hour! In a moment all is silent, while thousands of men prepare to refresh themselves. The wonderful magnitude of this industry can be judged of only by a visit.

\* \* \*

Approaching Loch Lomond from Glasgow, *via* Balloch pier, we find its watch-dog, Ben Lomond, and all the other Bens as far as Ben More, resplendent in the rays of the declining sun. So much beauty in one glance is like a thunder-clap, bewildering. The moving boat changes the scene momently, until past the islands we reach Luss and Tarbet, which brings us directly under Ben Lomond. At Inversnaid we see his three neighbors across the stream in perfection, the Messrs. Vorlich, Vane and Crois, all Scotchmen, and not to be beguiled from their stations.

From here until Ardlui we have the boat to ourselves. This part of the lake, its head, is seldom seen by tourists, as all excursions stop at Inversnaid. Hence the delight of being a night there. Its days of quiet are nearly passed, however, for I grieve to relate the fact that a railway is being laid along Loch Lomond's western bank, and as soon as the neigh of the iron horse is heard in this land, in his train will follow that kind of civilization antagonistic to ruralness and peace.

\* \* \*

Come with me to the beach and watch the sunset clouds with your face towards Ben Lomond. See how long the twilight is in fading, and how the mist falls upon the head of this mountain hero until it covers him from our sight. No wonder he finds it time to go to bed, for it is ten o'clock !

\* \* \*

Inversnaid at eight-thirty in the morning is quite another town from what it was with the sunset glow upon it. Ben Lomond, too, is in shadow. Let us cross the lake, rowed by a brawny old Scotchman of Clan Campbell, aged seventy, to visit Inveruglas Isle, and thus see the town from there. This was once the headquarters of Clan Macfarlane, and upon it are the ruins of their feudal castle. Would we knew the language of

the mountains, that we might ask the three Scotch gentlemen, mentioned above, to tell us the tale of this clan's rise and downfall. These very hills have seen Rob Roy McGregor engaged in warfare with the Macfarlanes, his bitter enemies, and yet, pygmies that we are, we have no key to their store-house of knowledge.

\* \* \*

Inversnaid Hotel at ten o'clock is the busiest spot on the lake. On the boat from Glasgow come a crowd of tourists, mostly Americans. They must lose all the beauty of the scene in a mad scrimmage for front or next best seats on the coaches, and what with worry over luggage the journey is begun before they have time to look about. We have calmly viewed the waterfall at one side, Loch Arklet's outlet and Rob Roy's Cave upon the other, and secured front seats with the most picturesque and best-natured coachman in the world, one whose civility and kindness caused him to be remembered for years, to wit: Sandy Clelland. At ten o'clock he scrambles to his box, as spry as a squirrel, despite his sixty odd years, and presenting me with a gorgeous Gloire-de-Dijon rose, plucked from the hedge, snaps his whip, gives his peculiar call of *hip-skid-dish*, ending in an inimitable whistle to his horses, and we are off.

On the heathy moors is seen a gamekeeper's exhibit of "varmin, Miss," as Sandy calls them, for each head of which he gets a price. Here is a list of them, with the game of which they are the enemies :

GAME.	ENEMIES.
Hare.	Buzzard.
Grouse.	Haddie.
Woodcock.	Hawk.
Blackcock.	Piet.
Pheasant.	Weasel (pro. whisle).
Snipe.	Fox.
Duck.	Badger.
Capper Kelzie.	Pole cat.
Pigeon.	Wild cat.

The former hang along a pole, looking very dead. This shooting belongs to the Duke of Montrose, which he lets, as well as Loch Arklet, in which are many trout.

\*       \*       \*

Helen McGregor's house, nestled in the side of the hill near Glen Arklet, causes every head to turn in that direction. I wondered if she would have been at all known to us, had Sir Walter Scott never written.

\*       \*       \*

Look with me to the east and see Ben Venue and then Ben Ledi (pronounced Lady). Sandy

points them out with pride and pleasure, and I believe he is as genuine as if he had not done this excursion every summer for over twenty years. Near the road is the house of our whilom boatman, who has walked to Inversnaid, two miles, and back every day for thirty-five years, and, despite his age, has a crop of wonderful hair for so old a man.

\* \* \*

Now Ben A'an bobs up serenely as we change our direction on the road, while on either side in green pastures, by cooling streams, wander the long-haired *café-o-lait* Highland cattle, with frisky sheep.

\* \* \*

Only too soon lovely Loch Katrine comes into view. The drive in a few moments will be but a memory, and yet one of the pleasantest to recall. I would advise walking this five and one-half miles, if one can take the time, as a coach does it all too soon.

\* \* \*

Stronlacher, unfortunately, has a new hotel, instead of the quaint and retired one of two years ago. The proprietor and employees feel their oats excessively. Beware of it, all ye who travel here, and prepare yourself with luncheon elsewhere. Sandwiches, costing eighteen cents, with

more mustard than meat, deplete your pocket-book while they do not nourish the inner man. In fact, you are quite sniffed at by the snippy maid at the bar, probably because you do not choose to partake of the two-and-six dinner then on. The sandwiches, for a party of four, are brought one by one. You object to their being wrapped in newspaper, and finally get white paper. By this time a number of people are also clamoring for sandwiches. One Englishman orders "Nine sandwiches, I say,—give them me quick!" You wonder, does he dream of the price! As the last one of your order comes strolling in, with a sigh you say to the elegant gentleman clerk: "Would you allow me to pay you for four sandwiches?" feeling sure he will say, "No, madam; no filthy lucre ever touches my elegant hands or that of my lady assistants?" But, to your surprise, he grabs the vulgar silver you have tendered in payment and almost forgets to return the change, while the waiting crowds of your countrymen about the window, smile at his airs and your complacency in the face of them.

\* \* \*

Out under the trees on one of Loch Katrine's peninsulas you beguile Sandy Clelland, after he has baited his horses. As he seats himself against

a tree, our artist commences a water-color, which proves a perfect picture. For fifteen minutes he does not budge an inch, so proud is he at "bein' done," and when we notice his hands are covered with flies, we say: "You may move now." At this he deliberately gives his strong thumbs a rotary motion. "Tis finished just as the boat that is to take us through the lake comes in sight, and as he sees himself as others see him, in gray tile, bright scarlet coat, and plaid vest, with his genial, ruddy visage set in a frame of snow-white hair and beard, he exclaims, with enthusiasm, "By George, that's me, sure as life. I'll tell it to many a person on my coach after this, how I was done." In another moment he has his coach at the door to welcome passengers to Loch Lomond, and we see him drive off very soon, looking proud and happy, while we are equally so at having the sketch.

\* \* \*

Loch Katrine is so quickly navigated that all should be well up in her scenery to know at least when Ellen's Isle is passed. No one gives any information on the boat, or tells you the mountain peaks, but if you know "The Lady of the Lake" by heart, Ben Ledi, Ben A'an and Ben Venue are all old friends, and just a distant glimpse can be had of the very tip of Ben Lomond. Ellen's Isle

is purple with heather, and while you enjoy intensely the second sight of it, you sigh for just a little more time to visit the braes of Balquidder so near and yet so far at the present moment.

\*       \*       \*

Two routes are now open to you, the most mountainous and newest, *via* the Trosach Glen and Aberfoyle to Stirling, and the more historic, due to Scott's immortalizing pen, by the Trosach's Glen past Loch Vennachar with Coilantogle Ford, Callander, and Stirling at the finis.

Behind us on the coach an English clergyman and his wife had the following conversation :

He—"Those people in front are quoting 'Lady of the Lake.'"

She—"What is that, dear?"

He—without any apparent surprise—"Oh, a poem, my dear, written by Scott years ago."

She—"Indeed! Have you read it, dear?"

He—"Yes." But he doesn't suggest she should.

\*       \*       \*

How the rain did come down once we were on the coach! and how I did wish for Yankee inventiveness enough to make an umbrella with a collapsible gutter to carry off the streams that perforce wet one's shoulders, and almost do more damage than the rain.

"Will it rain this way long, driver?" I ask.

"Thet I couldna tell, Miss; seems like we may have a wee bit shooer a bit further over the brae."

"Why, what do you call this, a sprinkle?" I reply.

"Ah! it's not much, this, me leddy, for it's the finest day since May in this part."

As we reached the "brae," a very high hill to me, the sun suddenly shot out from behind a cloud, and in a jiffy all umbrellas were down and we were all exclaiming over the extent of the view and the beauty of Aberfoyle, a speck as yet far below in the valley.

When it was reached, we were driven to the hotel, but, refusing to alight, were driven to the station, some distance off, where we dismounted with our bags and wet rain-coats.

N. B.—The object of halting at the hotel is best known to the coachman and proprietor. If one wishes to return to the hotel, there is plenty of time after tickets are bought, or, if holding coupons for round trip, "luggage is booked."

\* \* \*

Aberfoyle is more famous to me for the reason that Sandy Clelland was born and reared here than for any other that I can give. From it Ben Lomond's other side is seen gloriously, and Sandy

says it, and knows whereof he speaks, that "'tis te pest place to see Lomond from than any uther in-te warrld."

\* \* \*

Here we take the train for Stirling and bid farewell to friends and chance acquaintances, whose route takes them to Edinboro'.

\* \* \*

After the Rigi, I love best to see the sunset from the top of the Back Walk at Stirling. Every peak to which you have been so near on both Lomond and Katrine stands boldly out, notwithstanding the distance, and despite you seldom quote, the first two lines from "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane," are upon your lips :

"The sun had gone down on lofty Ben Lomond,  
And left its red glow to preside o'er the scene."

\* \* \*

A motley group of town children attract your attention as they sing Scotch songs while playing about on the edge of the huge rocks, upon which Stirling Castle is built. The spryest of them all is Mary Newells. She seems the Mother Superior of the group, her staff of office a crutch much too short for her, with the aid of which her one plump leg manages to get over any amount of ground. Poor child, she was so merry withal, that I asked

her name and address in order to get her a new crutch. This interested the entire clique, and rather silenced them, as we went on towards the cemetery. At last one gained courage to call out, "Say, leddy, what's ye goin' to do wi' Mary's number?" "No harm, Jeanie," I answered at random, "she need not worry." This assurance seemed to lighten their hearts, and I heard Mary say: "She's got your name too, Jeanie MacDonald, sure as fate. Do be quiet, and mend yer manners, and stop yer giggling, so she'll (with emphasis) think ye know beans."

\* \* \*

In the cemetery we came upon the very small grave of Dryburgh Binnie, son of John and Mary Smith, and were told he was

"With Christ, which is far better."

His name no doubt was the death of him.

\* \* \*

*Via* Callander and Killin is the quickest way to get to Loch Tay, only I should suggest remaining over night at Loch Earnhead on Loch Earn, which has the prettiest setting of all Scotland's lake gems, and going on to Killin to spend the day there, and the next night at Kenmore. The route

by rail to Killin Junction is part of the way to Oban, and one must be a clever observer in order not to lose some of the glorious scenery *en route*.

\* \* \*

In our carriage are two swells, too bored, "dontcher know," to even look out. On the tip top of the highest range of mountains I see a horse in silhouette. "Isn't he a dear!" I exclaim, suddenly, at which they actually spring to their feet, saying in unison, "Where did you see it? We are expecting them up here to shoot at!" "A dear horse," I explain. "Oh," they groan, "we're on the look-out for game." And so was I.

\* \* \*

Killin Junction commands the finest view of Ben More, my favorite Scotch mountain, and one, unfortunately, not very well known. Its summit, white with snow, glistened beneath the sunshine, and looked a veritable Pike's Peak in dignity.

Killin proper is the worst place the Fates could send one to for the night, if the hotel is used. But lodgings are reasonable. The town, however, is very historic and most interesting, as being the burial-place of Clan McNab, whose long line is now extinct in this country, the last of that name having gone to Canada.

Loch Tay teems with memories to any one familiar with "The Fair Maid of Perth," and over all Ben Lawers presides alone and in his glory.

\* \* \*

Kenmore is an ideal village. The Earl of Breadalbane, a childless man, is kind to his people and has made it evident. Here all the people speak Gaelic among themselves, and even to their horses. "You are speaking in English to that horse, coachman," I said, as we drove after four fine brutes to Aberfeldy, through the Valley of the Tay. "'Deed, I did, me leddy, he is a new horse, and don't know Gaelic yet."

\* \* \*

From Aberfeldy there are two routes up to the Grampians. The first by train to Blair Athol, which takes one through the pass of Killecrankie, the scenery of which is highly enjoyable. Then on horseback, through wildly beautiful scenery, to Braemar is a rare treat.

The second necessitates going by train to Dunkeld, which route, for various reasons, we took. On the way, we have our first sight of Scotch birks, or birches, and in Dunkeld find the only remnants of "Birnam woods which came to Dunsinane."\*

\*In Macbeth.

The "Athol Arms" in the town, is very comfortable and more reasonable than the Royal. From the latter, one must, however, engage places ahead on the Braemar coach, which leaves every morning, going *via* Blair Gowrie.

\* \* \*

The shops are gay with plaids and scarfs of every clan, and after a walk across the eagerly rushing Tay, which divides the town, we begin to realize we are on the threshold of the Grampian Hills.

## LETTER IX.

### IN THE GRAMPIANS.

*The Scotch Tour Ended at "Gray and Granite" Aberdeen—  
On a Coach-box in the Hills—Braemar and Balmoral—  
The Brig o' Don—English Tourists in Kilts.*

ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, August 25, 1890.

WHEN one is booked for an entire day's journey on the morrow by coach, is there anything more pathetic than to have a steady down-pour of rain set in just at bed-time? It certainly requires a deal of faith in Providence to calmly prepare for rest, without taking thought for the morrow; but this is by far the wisest plan, as one discovers when in an amazingly short time sunbeams knock on one's eye-lids, to announce daybreak and fair weather. Merry dancing sprites that they are, would it were possible to tell them of the joy their advent has given!

Yes, the storm is a thing of the past, and, as if cleansed by it, a perfect day has arisen, bright and clear.

"This weather is especially ordered for you, Miss," says the manager of the Royal Hotel in Dunkeld.

"For which I am truly grateful," I reply, as he assists me to mount to my seat next the driver, a perch which two extra shillings have secured for me.

"How about the coachman—does he know all the points of interest between here and Braemar?" I call down to the manager as he steps back upon the sidewalk, full of pride at seeing his coach well filled.

"'E ought, as 'e 'as gone this road this forty-seven year 'as the driver," is his reply.

Just here our red-coated Jehu comes out, and, after a look all around the coach and a few directions about the luggage, he takes his place, snaps his whip, and we are off.

A glance of the eye reveals the fact that he is liable to be crusty, and the first question asked shows me he is deaf. Alas! it is difficult to repress a sigh, and to smother a wish that is uppermost in the mind, for jolly Sandy Clelland of the Scotch Lakes.

Between Dunkeld and Blair Gowrie we pass half a dozen lakes, varying in size and beauty, about which our driver's forty-seven seasons have not brought him any information, or us either.

The village of Blair Gowrie, where we halt before the principal inn, is evidently a favorite summer resort, easily reached by rail from Perth as well as by coach from Dunkeld. The driver calls out, "Fifteen minutes to wait here!" So we dismount and go up a hilly street, from which the town can be seen to advantage. On returning, we buy such luscious red cherries, one of Perthshire's prides, and before remounting put on all our wraps, as the air is clear and really cold, and without the sunshine would be most trying. Then, too, we shall have three hours steady coaching before luncheon time, at the "Spital," or three-quarters-of-the-way house, on the edge of the Grampians.

The varied costumes of the summer visitors are interesting. Women in short skirts, blouse-waists, and the everlasting sailor hat (too small for the head, worn tipped over the nose), go hither and thither, with canes for climbing. Accompanying them are men who display any discrepancies they may possess in their underpinning by wearing kilts. One can tell they are not to the manner born, for their knees really look blue from exposure, and no doubt they feel as uncomfortable as they look.

I said we had fifteen minutes to wait! And so we had, with three times fifteen minutes added to it.

Yes; nearly one whole hour were we ready to start. At last it was found out that the delay was caused by some passengers who were left at Perth, and, this being the only through coach, had telegraphed it to wait.

After the hour had passed, the passengers informed the driver it was preposterous to wait any longer, so he mounted and drove slowly toward the station. Of course he was very irate at the delay, and had employed his time during the wait by growling and stamping about in a very mad manner.

At a turn in the road, we were rewarded by three passengers, one very fat woman and two men, who mounted and had luggage put on, and altogether took up another half hour.

As they settled themselves, the fat woman asked calmly, how it happened the coach waited.

“Had she not telegraphed?” was the general exclamation.

“No, by no means,” she replied.

Then one of the men said he had already engaged a trap to take him his journey before seeing the coach, so, as the second man remained silent and looked most unconcerned, we all concluded he was *the* man to whom we were indebted for such a delay. Thinking I might like to get the coach sometime from Perth, I asked the

driver if he waited for people in this way as a usual thing.

"No," he replied. "'Hit depends upon circumstances, and never 'as Hi know 'appened before," which reply made the occurrence seem all the more mysterious.

The beauty of the scenery now occupies us fully. It is both grand and romantic; in fact, the most varied we have seen, its climax being the curious old mansion, perched like an eagle's nest upon a huge rock overlooking a ravine lined with birks and many other trees, which Sir Walter Scott took for his model of Tully Veolan in "Waverley." Seeing our enthusiasm, Sims (the coachman)—he has informed us that he does not belong to any clan—really rises to the occasion and points out the cave where Mr. Bradwardine was in hiding.

"Then you have read 'Waverley?'" I ask.

"No, not ezactly, Miss; you see I beant only one-'alf Scotch, but I 'av 'eard many a people as rides along wi' me tell about it, and so I 'as got 'nocked up, so to speak."

"Have you had many people this season?" I continued, seeing he seems willing to talk.

"Poorest season we ever 'ad," he promptly answers. "Why, perhaps, you would not believe me, but this 'ere's the first really loaded coach and fine day I've 'ad since the season came on in June."

"Do you have to take this long drive just the same, whether you have none, or only one or two?" I ask.

"Yes, just the same; hit's been a fine sayson for brides and grooms, I can tell ye. I've gone back-  
'ards and for'ards with several on 'em, 'aving the  
'ole coach to theirselves, and I a keepin' me heyes  
turned strictly 'on me 'osses," was his answer,  
ungarnished with even a twinkle from his eye.

The scenery, which has grown bleak and stern, coincides exactly with our feelings by this time, for want of food in such a bracing air dampens the spirits of even the most ardent sightseer; but before many minutes the "Spital" is reached and we are at luncheon.

Once refreshed and warmed, after a drive of thirty miles, we begin to see some beauty in our surroundings, and a great desire possesses us to remain here one night at least. A through ticket prevents us, but we certainly will do it next time. Yes, it is, next to a night on the Rigi, the most desolate situation imaginable, and the most restful too—far, far away, as it is, from trains, telegrams, trunks (we had forwarded all luggage) and tumult, surrounded by heather-covered hills and canopied by the bluest sky imaginable.

As we are packed on the coach again it is after three o'clock, and Braemar cannot be reached

before seven. However we will soon be in the Grampian Mountains, whose peaks are in sight, and with this promised land held out as a reward, we are patient, and fully enjoy the beauty each new turn in the road discloses.

Within one hour of Braemar it becomes suddenly very cold, as we ascend five hundred feet in less than half an hour, around the Devil's Elbow, a most abrupt and precipitous turn in the road. All the men dismount and walk to the top. Now quite as suddenly comes the descent, in less than half the time, which takes us out of the mountains into a broad and green valley. Off come the wraps and all is changed. The scenery is gentle and undulating, a new moon looks out of a sunlit sky, and the Grampian Mountains, of which we have heard ever since we could repeat, "My name is Norval," are directly before us, three of their peaks snow-covered. Once seen they can never be forgotten.

The one covered with cairns is unique and becomes the favorite. In fact, this is the land of cairns and cairn-gorms. The former "bob up serenely" from every elevation in commemoration of some event in the life of each member of the royal family. Just at present, however, we would much rather see one red deer than many cairns, and confess as much to the coachman.

"I'll show ye one if I see 'hit in time," he promises.

"Why don't we see any of the rams with double and twisted horns, as well?" I ask.

"They are kept shut up," he answers.

In a few moments I felt a poke in the ribs, and he, pointing towards a corner of a field, says, "There are some of your friends," and, behold, a ram, a dam and a lamb, gracefully posed, just as Verboeckhoven loved to depict them.

"A deer, a deer!" the cry rings out.

"Where, coachman?" I ask.

"Oh, Miss," they be foolin' ye; 'tis only a wooden deer up there a bit awa' on the mountain to shoot at for practice."

"Never mind, I am bound to see a deer, wooden or not, and you should have showed it to me," I say.

"Ah, nay, I could not tell a lee, for a' that. No more would I," is his Puritanic reply.

Just at this point, the man who had evidently held the coach, turned, and addressing the driver as "Feyther," spoke rapidly to him in Gaelic. As quick as a flash, the delay was explained.

"Is that your son?" I ask.

As he squirmed and got very red in the face, Sims had to tell the truth and say :

"Yes, 'es comin' 'ome for a 'oliday. But 'ow did ye know 'im?"

"I've had my doubts all along about you not wanting to wait this morning," I answered, "and yet you could not call a wooden deer a real deer, just for fun."

"That's different, me leddy," was all he could answer.

And I thought so, too, as I discontinued the conversation, disgusted with a man who would act but could not tell a lie, and who was so peculiarly constituted that he still thought he had done no wrong. Moral: if you ever take this trip while Sims is on the road, don't pay three shillings extra for a seat by him, as the added fee of two shillings for his morosity is compulsory, no matter where you sit.

After this my attention was divided between the approach to Braemar and an amusing species of Englishman who has ventured to ask during the day :

"Do you know the language of flowers?" in a very die-a-way voice, and "Are not men less apt to be flirts than women?"

Referring him to a quotation from one of Mark Lemon's clever sayings, I am rather surprised by his answer :

"Yes, I have heard of Mark Lemon—my father was his cousin."

The descent upon Braemar is made with a flourish, and 'tis easy to realize what a meeting-place this was for the clans in dim and distant days. The caterwauling sound of a bagpipe strikes the ear as the Fife Arms is reached.

Finding this full, lodgings are sought for. The post-office sends you to the village butcher, who directs you to Mrs. Ewan, "hup hon Castleton terrace, back of the town." Her pretty daughter shows you the clean bedrooms, while the mother takes the order for dinner.

Then out we go a-shopping, first to the butcher's; then, after a stroll through the village, to the green grocer's and baker's, and then to the dry grocer's. The shepherd's plaiddies in this shop set us so agog that we are near forgetting to buy tea, coffee, white sugar, cheese, and a can of Keiler's marmalade for over Sunday.

This grocery is a homelike institution, since we are waited upon by the owner, his wife, his daughter, and his son. A youth entering takes away the attention of the daughter.

"Give me sixpence worth of sweets," he says.

She does up some striped—what children in America call "bull's eyes"—for him.

Hesitating a moment, he adds, "Please give me

a tuppence ha'penny's worth of stomach-ache medicine."

Mechanically she puts up a small box of pills, and I then notice that the window contains bottles of drugs.

Ahead of us has gone the meat, with a bill dedicated to "Mrs. Ewan's lodgers," and upon returning to the terrace a most homelike dinner is ready for our consideration.

The terrace in front of the house commands a fine view, and from it we can see the very spot where Prince Charlie was proclaimed King of the Scots, and where the royal standard was planted by his firm but mistaken adherent, the brave Earl of Mar.

How different it is now! The man who has possession of the very property of this once mighty earl is no less a person than the quondam earl, now Duke of Fife, the Queen's grandson-in-law.

Sunday morning the village is astir by the time the four churches begin ringing their rival bells. They are the Established Church, the Free Church, the Episcopal Church, and the Roman Catholic Church, and it is a study to watch the great variety of people *en route* for one or the other.

Just across the street, beneath a picturesque bridge, runs a busy stream that turns several mills

in its course. People on our side of it all seem bound for the churches over in the other part of the town, while those from that side come toward us.

In the afternoon, piloted by an English gentleman we met on the coach, we go for a walk of five miles, over the "Queen's Drive." He has taken the same walk before breakfast in the morning, but does not mind at all doing it again, by way of showing us the route. The path for the first two miles, being in between bushes of heather and gorse, gives us an opportunity to practice the "heather step," a prancing gait, something after that of a horse. Suddenly we are aware that our blue sky has clouded over, and that a rain is falling, which means three miles more in a Scotch mist—quite the thing, you know!

It does come down! Steadily, perseveringly, damply! We try to hold up umbrellas, but this, with petticoats and an armful of heather and wild flowers, which grow in tantalizing profusion here, is impossible, so we give them up, or put them down rather, and return wet—nay, simply dripping. Mrs. Ewan is used to this, and soon we are tucked up in bed, our chrysalides of clothes hanging in different attitudes in front of her queer kitchen fire, while we, on the strength of a Scotch whisky-sling, go off to dreamland.

Big heads and sore throats next morning, do I hear you say? Not at all. We are up with the lark, and off for Ballater, *via* Balmoral, as blithe as can be.

This drive of two hours, through a soft undulating scenery, with the mountains at a respectful distance, as if standing one side to allow of our departure, is delightful. An intelligent man on the box-seat, as well as a very jolly coachman, is also an advantage.

Many extensive private parks are passed, one of these being rented for the shooting, by Sir Algernon Borthwick, editor of the London *Morning Post*, for £4,000 sterling. This price gives him the right to kill forty stags and two hundred hinds, and evidently he finds journalism lucrative.

All sorts of people and conveyances are encountered. One summer visitor is so greatly bereaved that she has a band of crepe on her mackintosh, as well as on a white sailor hat.

Black polled Angus, or hornless cattle, with long-horned *café au lait* bullocks, form unconscious pictures in the meadows at either side of the firm macadamized road, which is perfected by its hedges of holly and hawthorn. Along the roadside grow wild thyme, pig's pettitoes, a small bright yellow flower, and, of course dogroses, white and pink.

Despite the fact that we are fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and that this is the highest cultivated land in Great Britain, every inch blossoms, and gives promise of fine returns. The only signs of decay are in the many tumble-down thatched cottages, which the cotters have been forced to leave. The reason is quite evident when one hears of the tremendous prices paid the landlords for these very premises for shooting, which, if inhabited, would be quite useless for such purposes.

Balmoral is rather a disappointment on account of being situated in a valley, with the Grampians at a distance from it, rather than on a mountain. Near by is Abergeldie, the shooting-box or Highland home the Queen *allows* the Prince of Wales. The driver showed us a bridge lately built over the stream upon which it is situated, saying, "Before that was put there the royal mail used to be shot across from the house in a bag on a wire. Now he has a pillar to put his mail in."

"What is that lying over in the meadows that looks so red?" I ask.

"Bless my soul, if that isn't the ryal (royal) pillar now, gone on a 'oliday and got 'toxicated!" he exclaimed, chuckling with laughter. "We ought to let 'is 'ighness know 'ow 'is 'ighland pillar is be'avin' of itself in 'is habsence."

At Ballater our excursion ends, and the noise and tumult of railroading begins ; more's the pity ! The ride to Aberdeen is tiresome, because it is *omnibus*, but we are enabled by slow travel to notice the country and the people, especially the latter, who are still taking their holidays.

The military, in brilliant red coats, are numerous in this vicinity. One poor fellow had his arm so out of place that it is noticeable from the cars, although he is walking up a hill at a distance from the station. Has the lady in white with him a red sash ? No, as I have said, his arm is out of place.

The fields in the vicinity of Aberdeen are presided over by lady (not gentleman) scarecrows, whose fluttering gowns are quite a novelty, and a diminutive golden-rod tries to look as tall as possible.

I refrain from any remarks about gray and granite Aberdeen, because I arrived there on a tradesman's holiday ; but I can say that its surroundings are delightful, for I took a tram and went out to the Brig o' Balgownie or old bridge of Don, one-half mile from the town, and to its granite cathedral near by, which plainly shows its antiquity.

On the train a tradesman in his best bib and tucker offered to show us where the cathedral was.

I, thanking him, said: "We can find the way, no doubt."

"Yes," he replied, "but if I did not have my wife and children along I should be very pleased to keep you company."

As we descended from the train he got down ahead of us and, in some miraculous way, had marshaled his entire brood out before we reached *terra firma*. As I turned hastily aside with my friends, who were choking with laughter at his desire to be polite, he called out: "This is Mrs. Smith and the children, ladies; we'll show you the way to the cathedral."

We thanked him, bowed to Mrs. Smith, and by degrees got out of their sight, when, to our confusion, he came puffing up, dragging one boy beside him.

"Ladies, please," he ejaculated, "Mrs. Smith says she can't walk as fast as you do, but keep to the left and we will meet you at the cathedral."

By good luck, rather than good management, we missed them by a hair's-breadth at the cathedral, which was a great relief.

Its shipping makes Aberdeen most picturesque along its wharves, and brings to it many men of many minds and complexions. One could spend several days most pleasantly here, visiting the

universities and investigating its quaint by-corners, and another time, under less turbulent circumstances, I hope to know it better. As it is, Arbroath and St. Andrews seem more attractive, and to them we are bound, with Edinboro'—glorious hill-girt city that it is—reserved for the *bonne bouche* of a most perfect Scotch tour.

## LETTER X.

### ON THE CONTINENT.

*A Very Smooth Voyage Across the German Ocean—Dusseldorf and the Rhine—Peculiarities of Tourists—Mr. Depew in the Frankfort Station—Railway Adventures.*

NUREMBERG, August 15, 1890.

FROM the Grampians to Antwerp is considered a long journey on this side of the ocean, but to an American it makes up in interest what it lacks in distance, especially when the eastern coast English cathedrals have been taken *en route*. Then, too, crossing the German Ocean, when a vow has been made never to do it again, proves quite different from a former experience, a horrible recollection many smooth passages can never efface. That time it was made by night, and was indeed a nightmare. Instead of letting me go to sleep, the ship tried to rest itself. First she would lie down on her right side, and just as she seemed most comfortably fixed, would flop over on to the other. Then, like a restless child, she would fling off all the clothes and stand on her two feet, after

which, in trying to turn a somersault, she would reverse herself. Then of a sudden, gathering all her forces, she would make a clean leap out of the water altogether, and then go down to see her mermaid friends among the deep sea-weeds. It was certainly awful!

This time, however, the crossing was made by day, from Dover to Ostend, on one of the fine new steamers, with the water as smooth as the Niagara River on a quiet day in summer. Four hours were consumed in going from land to land, and after a superficial examination of luggage, the train was soon whirling us on toward Antwerp.

From the car window there is much to see, for everything is changed ; people, language, atmosphere and scenery, each contributes its share. Our flight over the iron rails reveals, of course, many pictures never to be forgotten while memory lasts —here a windmill full of motion ; there lazy Holsteins grazing at will ; now men and women in picturesque costumes, toiling side by side on the perfectly tilled farms, beyond, fields of rare flowers, brilliant with blossoms.

Bruges and Ghent also can be well seen, as to belfry and steeples, from the car windows, and this glimpse awakens recollections of past days which were spent in exploring their quaint streets and buildings.

Antwerp is *en fête* upon our arrival, as it was just eight years ago exactly. The streets are gay with bunting, and the Cathedral has a statue of the Virgin enthroned and dressed in gorgeous bejeweled robes out in the nave, surrounded with masses of rare flowers, for 'tis the anniversary of the Assumption.

Weeks might be spent in Antwerp and the neighborhood instead of days; but we are *en route* for Oberammergau for a certain date, and must be expeditious, on account of having taken our time in Great Britain.

Dusseldorf was entirely a new experience, and a most comfortable bed was obtained in the Prinz Alexander Hof—not at all far from the station.

The journey thither from Antwerp was a varied experience. In the first place, all the trains are slow, and, secondly, I discovered that this route took us through the very most southeastern part of Holland, which necessitated having luggage examined in both Holland and Prussia within one hour, as well as changing carriages. Fortunately, our conductor was a perfect Godsend, for he watched over us most carefully, when we had to *wechselt die Wagen*, and finally came into our carriage, and, finding we had only Flemish money, changed it into German marks, kreutzers, etc.

These are not as pleasant to use as francs and

centimes, but are preferable to the English pounds, shillings and pence ; besides one can buy more with them, as the ten-kreutzer piece is by no means the smallest, there being five, two, and even one kreutzer coppers, which are smaller than an American one-cent piece. They are worth more, however, since things of small value are certainly cheaper here than in other countries.

The third-class railway fares are also much less than in England, and as a lady can travel third-class in Flanders, Germany, and Austria, the long distances are not such a drain on one's pocket-book. The only way, however, to do this in comfort is to get in a carriage reserved for "*Frauen*," where no man dare enter, or in one that is marked "*Nichts rauchen*," no smoking. These carriages are all wooden and quite uncushioned ; but they are clean, and a small pillow or air-cushion makes them very comfortable. In fact, they are sure to be clean, while the upholstered ones are sure not to be. Then, too, one is not subject to the smoking fiend, who is in his element in Germany. One meets him in first and second-class carriages, as well as third, and while a fine cigar is not bad in its place, to have one that has been half smoked relit, and that a very cheap one, is enough to aggravate a saint. Then, they do not smoke it, and stop, but hold it between their fingers, where

it smoulders continually, throwing out a disgusting smudge.

This smoking goes on everywhere in Germany, and I am glad I can endure it without being ill. I have seen a man over his morning coffee with one of the rankest cigars nearly, if not quite, fifteen inches long, in his mouth. I have seen him asleep in the cars with one equally long held in his teeth, and, of course, it is allowable for him to light it, and puff the smoke into one's face at the dinner-table, or *table d'hôte*, while one is in the act of eating ice-cream, with which smoke does not exactly amalgamate.

However, with a fortunately happy disposition and a great thankfulness that one does not have to live here forever, the places one has come so far to see are thoroughly enjoyed, and among them Dusseldorf is by no means the least. Its system of trams is good, since they run in every direction, and, as in other cities, the fare is much lower than in America.

Two broad avenues shaded by immense trees, among which are fountains and statues of brave and renowned men, must be threaded in going about the city, and these both terminate in a fine park, or *hofgarten*, from which, at the Belvedere, the Rhine is overlooked.

Near here is the immense building formerly

containing many famous pictures now removed to Munich. Insistence will gain one admission to see all that remains, viz.: some very rare wood-cuts and engravings, a Rubens "Assumption," and the fine Ramboux collection of water-colors.

The modern masters are well represented in the new Art Gallery, a fine and imposing building in the city, opposite the theater.

The gem of this collection is quite small, but of great value, a picture that attracts attention at once and enchains everybody, and yet it is of only a very ragged and dirty child, sitting on a bare floor. The wall-paper above the rotten baseboard, hangs in strips, indicative of poverty, and yet, with one old shoe in his mouth, his own tiny red-stockinged feet out at heels, and an old hat by his side, he is monarch of all he surveys. With blue eyes brimful of happiness he looks one full in the face, as if truly alive; and seeing how much it is appreciated the guardian in blue coat, red vest, and cocked hat gives the information, accompanied with plenty of gesticulation, that "das ist von Knaus, and kostet five tousand tollars," which endeavor to speak English is rewarded by a smile and the whole of fifty pfennigs. This evidently pleased him, as he not only touched his hat, but said: "Dank—bit

—schöne”—with three jerks, and went off, bringing in a few moments a catalogue.

Very soon music in the street attracts us out on to a balcony, by which, file after file of Hussars pass, all mounted, even the band, and dressed in green uniform. The officers wear blue coats, which, with green trousers, do not produce a harmonious effect, but they look as smart as they feel, no doubt, and present a fine appearance.

By the time Cologne is reached all luggage over what we can carry ourselves has become an intolerable nuisance, no matter how small the trunk, and we are wishing it at the bottom of the Red Sea !

For two journeys my tickets were the same price, and my very small trunk, which had never been opened, varied fifty pounds in weight. Really I did not know what I was worth ; such fluctuation quite dazed me, and remonstrance was all in vain. What does a Cologne man care for an Antwerpian's weight. His scales are right ! Thus I meekly spill out my marks into his eager hand, and take my place in the train.

While viewing the sacred remains of St. Ursula in Cologne and her eleven thousand virgin friends in the church of the same name, it occurred to me that possibly she might have had luggage too, when she journeyed through the land, and I asked

the very solemn verger, who seemed to know her entire history from A to Z, if he supposed she carried such an incubus. (Don't ask me to explain how I made him understand what I meant, I beg of you.) Still looking most solemn, he said : "I am about dat not so very sure, as no one me has before ever the question asked." One thing I was glad of. My query had made him break forth into English, which gave me great pleasure it to hear.

Cologne Cathedral is most truly grand in its perfection, and as to the reputed odors of the city, I believe the competition between all the only genuine Farinas has so purified the air, that further remarks upon the subject are quite out of order.

Please bear with me while I pay my tribute to the Rhine, which gave me one whole day of pleasure. At first I was full of regret that short stops were not to be made between Cologne and Mayence; but when the day was done it seemed the very way to have seen it for the first time, since now I know its most beauteous spots, and can some day visit it piecemeal more intelligently.

As usual with us, the day was a perfect one, and, of course, the well-equipped steamer was full to overflowing. This, during the monotonous

part, between the Drachenfels and Coblenz, gave us a chance for much amusement.

Brides and grooms from many nations were on hand and had no end of trouble changing their seats, so as to be both secluded and in the shade. As to the scenery, they might as well have been on any other stream for all they knew or cared about their surroundings.

The German families, in groups of five and seven, with two or three daughters all dressed the same, were not missing. One family had a son Hans. He drew all the mountain-peaks in a book, and of course was an aspiring artist. The family liked him and were openly proud of him, even if he was thin and sallow, with his face a mass of blotches. He wore a Vandykeish hat and a mantleish sort of cloak, and we fancied perhaps he was the last of the Hanseatic League, from his first name.

Then the "Gazes" and "Cookies" were well represented. The former we selected easily, because they all went to sleep and did not gaze, and the latter because they were all dough-faced. One Gaze found a soft spot on the canvas thrown over the trunks and bags, out in the sunshine on deck. There, undisturbed and serene, he slumbered during the best part of the river, so that when twilight fell, and we all looked weary, he

was the most refreshed-looking man on board. Another got back of a seat, and with head in his



OUR WACHT (?) AM RHINE.

hands and both toes turned in, which were visible under the bench, he also took his ease, while we were going from end to end of the steamer,

wearing ourselves out, just because we were afraid of losing a castle or two. He had also remembered to bring, what we had forgotten, a novel to read. So that when he awakened, not having been told by the conductor, who was conspicuous in blue uniform, with "Gaze" in bright letters on his hat, to "gaze on this picture and then on that," he calmly read "The Cost of a Lie," and really enjoyed it, imperturbed by the inquisitive sight-seers about him.

Such is life on a Rhine boat! At two o'clock three-fourths of the passengers went below to spend an hour at *table d'hôte*. A lady told me later that she sat next to the Gaze guide, and that, as he helped himself to two-thirds of every dish, she fared badly.

At five o'clock all the English folk on board declared their nationality by having "afternoon tea." How they did enjoy it!

At Coblenz the very dearest little English lady and two clever companions went away from us. We had only chatted for a short time together, but the admiration for each other was mutual, and when, just as she was leaving, I asked her name, she quickly gave me her card, saying: "Miss \_\_\_\_\_, Upper Norwood, London. Do come and see me some time. You can't help finding me for I am as well known there as the Crystal

Palace." She had been in America, knew Niagara Falls and the Berkshire Hills, and admired them "no end," as she said.

As to the river, which charmed and fully satisfied every anticipation, far abler pens have long since described it in words which are now more precious than gold. But this first sight of it was entirely mine own experience, and all the day Heine's "Holiday on the Rhine," which Schumann alone could have set to music, rang in my ears. Next to the sunshine which made every leaf upon the vine-clad hills rejoice, we liked the absence of what it was feared would be present, the leetle, very much out of tune, jangling German band.

In St. Goar and straggling Neiderheimbach we left bits of our heart, as we drifted by, while we faithfully promised ourselves a sojourn in both places.

As the boat approached Bingen, the statue of Germania looms on the opposite heights and we all exclaimed, "There's the 'wacht' the story-tellers say the tourist went up and down the Rhine looking for, but never found."

By this time the twilight has the better of the day, and it is chilly, so we hastily decide to disembark and go to Mayence by train; hence the day was properly finished in a vine-covered café in Mayence, over a glass of Ruedersheim, less sour

and more sparkling than any other Rhine wine. Especially do we appreciate it now, that the very banks upon which it grows to perfection have been seen.

A day in Frankfort gave ample time to see its art treasures and its famous "Ariadne," as well as to drive about the city on broad and shaded avenues, and over its bridges, old and new. From these the very old houses, built upon the river without doors or windows, to prevent smuggling, can be seen to advantage; but the old Jew quarter is a thing of the past, and is now being built over in a modern style.

The new station, only two years old, is in an unsettled part of the city and is magnificent in proportions. Chauncey M. Depew was strolling about in it, as we were buying our tickets for Heidelberg, and I am quite sure he felt the New York Central station could not compare with it, and trust it suggested some new ideas to him.

He did not tell us, but we saw the next day in a paper, that he had just been dining with the Prince of Wales in Homburg. The invitation sent our quartette by "Whales" did not reach us in time otherwise we should have arranged to spend a week in Homburg. As it was, we went to see an equally big swell, the Heidelberg tun, and were quite impressed with its royal highness.

Two warnings I would give to a stranger in this rarest of German towns. Don't be beguiled into staying in any other than the Schloss Hotel, and don't believe that the new inclined railway will take you to its door. From the station a carriage or the hotel omnibus should be taken, as the railway is only good for the Molken Cur or Milk Cure, from which height one looks down upon the castle.

A dense canopy of clouds discharged itself upon the town just at six o'clock. From back of this the sun set, red and huge, and by degrees it was rolled back until only the blue sky was seen, but not until a rainbow gave promise for the morrow. Then in the sunset glow we wandered about in the castle, the grandest and most impressive ruin I have ever seen, until the moon, still in its first quarter, arose to preside over the scene.

From my bedroom window, many feet above the castle, the brilliantly lit town and restless Necker lay before me, at the base of the castle. Not until the moon had gone from my sight, behind the mountains which tower in every direction, was it possible to say good-night to a scene so rare, for a sojourn in dreamland. This was reached through the quieting medium of the wind moaning out its version of the tales anent old castle days poured into our willing ears that evening

by our guide, Frau Ziegler, in her pretty broken English.

Many drives may be taken about these wonderful mountains. One at least should be indulged in before the full beauty of Heidelberg's situation can be realized. The descent to the town through many zigzags in the road is enchanting, and when the handsome, blonde porter of the hotel greets us at the station with a budget of home letters, our happiness is complete.

The route between here and Nuremberg is not of especial interest, therefore we read our letters and finally got up a small excitement for our own amusement. As the train draws into Ansbach, the much-dreaded cry of "*Alles austeigen!*" rings out, and we are emptied from our car, bag and baggage. As the other train comes in we find, to our consternation, no third-class cars are attached, so, after a frantic scramble up and down the platform, and the using of much very bad German, we get into a second-class "*damen coupe*." A new conductor comes to see our tickets before closing the doors, and to our horror he announces the fact that we cannot go on.

"Why not?" we demand in chorus.

"Because you have third-class tickets! Come out sehr quick; the train must go!" he said in the howlingest tone of voice he could summon.

"Indeed I shall not," I answer; "here is gelt; what more do you want?"

Seeing we were not emigrants, he dispatched three blue-coated officials, one to hold the train, one to inquire the price of extra tickets, and the other to follow up the others, I expect. However, we had the entire corps at our disposal, all for the difference of a little over seventy-five cents in our tickets, which in America could have been paid to the conductor in less time than it takes to tell it.

As the train moved out, a pretty German lady, who had helped us somewhat by talking English, indulged in a laugh all by herself, until her very dainty blonde daughter in an opposite corner asked the cause of her glee. In pretty broken English she replied: "I am laughing at dat little American lady's telling to the conductor, 'Sie werden not all austeigen, wenn die tickets sie hat not.'"

This English I saw was for my benefit, and as I was the "little woman" referred to, we soon fell to chatting about everything in general and nothing in particular.

"You wanted to Nuremberg to-night, to come very much, Ich denke?" she at last asked.

"Yes," I replied, "and we are going to get there, too, despite the conductor nearly made us miss it."

Courtesies exchanged *en route* made us quite friends before we came to Nuremberg, and I found she was the wife of a Protestant clergyman living not far from the Rhine, and that they were to visit rich relatives in the city.

A little Viennese woman beside me also thought my German very entertaining, and the conductor, as well, looked upon us as American curiosities. Fortunately this ticket diversion was not for naught. In the hurry of arriving at Nuremberg and the saying of good-byes, I left my rain-coat in the car, which, having gone on to Ratisbon, a telegram has just caused to be returned to me, thanks to the Viennese being honest and the conductor aware of my nationality. Thus each day and each journey brings its experiences, often in retrospect more amusing than in participation.

## LETTER XI.

### DELIGHTS OF PARIS.

*Some Notes of the Latest Fashion in Clothes—Jeanne d' Arc in Pantomime—Clean Streets and Cheap Cabs—A Rough Voyage—Annoyances in New York.*

PARIS, September 7, 1890.

ARRIVAL in a metropolis, after several weeks of rapid travel and sight-seeing, is like the end of a chapter in an exciting tale. Breath may be taken, the book may even be closed, with a finger between the leaves, and a moment of quiet indulged in before the mad plunge into the denouement ; but the reprieve is only momentary. You must go on, and if what follows be Paris, "Oh, where may rest be found," until the end of the story ?

It is rather pleasant to feel you have assisted to cause a ripple of excitement in so vast a city, as you rightly do, when a passenger on the Orient Express, or "flyer" of Europe, which steams into the Gare de l' Est at five o'clock every afternoon. The arrival of this train is the event of the day in that quarter ; but only the necessity of accomplish-

ing the distance between Munich and Paris in sixteen hours would ever warrant the ordinary traveler in such an indulgence.

To one who has seen, piecemeal, the territory which it so rapidly traverses, it affords a charming résumé; and revives memories of many days, instead of seconds, spent *en route*.

While at breakfast, the one tower of Strassburg Cathedral can be seen from all sides, as the train winds into this fairest of cities Alsatian, and then, almost before it seems possible to have accomplished the distance, the gray spires of Nancy's famous churches break the monotony of hill and dale.

From here until Eperney is reached, the sinuous Marne lies smiling in the lap of the land, or is lost to view from time to time between its vine-clad hills.

Why should Eperney be especially mentioned, do you ask? Because 'tis a habit we have of getting out here, for what purpose the uninitiated tourist may not quite appreciate.

In a pretty little station, over clean counters, in iridescent glasses, such as Rembrandt is always holding up before his wife in their pictures, is served—what do you suppose?

Beer? Germany is an endurance of the past.

Claret? Italy is *loin d'ici*.

Milk? Water? America is more than half-seas-over.

Whisky? Ireland is still beyond the channel.

No! no! no! to all and every guess, unless I heard some one say champagne, and if so he is right.

Yes, champagne! with Veuve Cliquot's mansion only a few miles away. So plentifully did it flow for ten cents a glass, that for all we knew our iron horse was drinking it as well. For total abstainers the alluring grapes were piled in tempting displays on the counter, from which they could sip champagne *au naturel*, and not feel the pangs of conscience in consequence of the indulgence.

After this diversion we begin to look for premonitory glimpses of what we know are the outskirts of Paris, and are soon rewarded and finally set down in the city.

The intricacies of the Douane passed, we find ourselves in the busy boulevards at once, and before the distance between the station and our destination in the Champs-Elysées is accomplished, the fact that we have not mingled in this gay whirl for two years is forgotten in the sensation that has come over us of being again *chez nous*. Thank fortune! one never has to become re-ac-

quainted with Paris. When it is once well known, one simply begins where one left off.

Now since I don't pretend to have seen Paris from any but a woman's stand-point, I am going to answer two at least of the many questions I am sure would be put to me were I in dear, dearer, dearest Buffalo at this moment. "What are they wearing?" shall be answered first. And "What did you go to see?" later on.

A keen observer at the Bon Marché need ask no questions as to styles, for where certain goods are found piled upon counters and labeled "*occasion*" (bargain) those articles are sure to be *passé*. However this need not deter one from buying from this same counter, since it takes styles fully two years to migrate to America, and what is no longer in vogue here will still be new across the sea.

The novelties are sure to be hung high and dry on lines above the counters, marked in plain figures, equally high and dry. Thus the would-be purchaser must pay well for advanced tastes.

In gowns, the newest are made straight up and down, of woolen or uncut velvet fabrics. Upon these, pipings of heavy ribbed silk or woolen fantasies are used as garniture, with perhaps an occasional revere of the same material. Cloth is all the rage, and cloth of another shade on cloth

is considered to give a garment *beaucoup de cachet*, and costs *beaucoup de cash*, eh? Indeed it does!

Extremely small black and white shepherd's plaid is *de rigueur*, and these can be worn when in fine camel-hair or velvet, for fashionable functions of any nature. Sleeves are still puffed high at the shoulder and are dainty when finished at the wrist with a band of guipure insertion.

Hats and bonnets are made long in the brim, and all trimming is bunched on directly over the front and back. The favorite adornment of bonnets, which are mostly in jet, is clusters of miniature ostrich tips, which nod and beckon at one from every recent purchase. On hats the same pert effect can be had by bunches of tiny birds, which are more endurable for all kinds of weather, and for those who object to birds, rosettes of narrow ribbon may be substituted.

Boas for the neck are selling cheap, and ruches of artificial flowers in bewitching shades, as well as of China silk, and colored laces are expensive, and consequently stylish.

"Straws show which way the wind blows," I felt like remarking when at the glove counter they informed me, there were plenty of tan-colored gloves, and a scarcity of steel-gray and pearl.

In the *mercerie* department, or notions, as we would call it, I demanded something with the

Eifel tower upon it, just to hear what the clerk would say. He promptly rewarded me by remarking, "*C'est fini, le tour d'Eifel.*" "Yes, I know it is finished," I replied, pretending not to understand him, "but is it not still the rage?" "*Au contraire, Madame,*" he answered, "*c'est maintenant Jeanne d'Arc,*" and he surely did speak the truth.

The maiden whom France sold, has arisen from her ashes to hold sway over this fickle nation more victoriously than any of its earthly empresses ever did. Her statue is begirt with garlands in the Rue du Rivoli, her portrait is in every shop window, and her name in every mouth.

From good authority I understand Bernhardt's impersonation of this heroine was a failure, no matter what good there was said of it. She simply didn't fill the bill, vain woman that she was to attempt, at her age, to imitate such youth and beauty. As one critic summed it up, "She did not have the legs to do it, much less the face."

At the Hippodrome the *tour de force* of the evening for many weeks has been a three-act pantomime of Jeanne's history. The tremendous ring, which during the first half of the evening is enlivened by chariot and horse-races, clowns' gambols and gymnasts' ups and downs in life, is, after a wait of barely fifteen minutes, transformed

into the village of Domremy, in which Jeanne d'Arc was born.

Her father's cottage is brought in entire, and the turf and winding high road through the village are made by immense canvas coverings, which many hands make light work of stretching over the ring. Then canvases, which give distance to the scene and a background, are pulled down over the upright boards inclosing the ring, trees are planted, and a sheep enclosure made with a rustic fence.

In front of the house is a huge public well, where the village women wash clothes, and upon which they hang them to dry, while the "men folks" are gossiping with a group of shepherds, who have driven a real flock of sheep into the the aforementioned fold.

By and by a crowd of villagers animate the green, while a Corydon plays Normandy sheep songs on his flageolet to his Phyllis. Then a team of milk-white oxen drag a cart full of hay through the main street, and their guide stops to give two pretty girls a ride. They are cheered by their less fortunate comrades as they amble off at a snail's pace.

As the Angelus rings, our heroine comes forth from her cottage to pray, but her devotions are interrupted by heavenly voices. Coming nearer and

nearer, they prove to be two angels (real live women let down by invisible wires, which the keenest eye cannot detect), whose presence casts a wondrous halo of glory about the homely spot and fragile girl, until just above the village well they halt for a second.

Now come the commands of duty and directions how to save France, and with a supreme effort she advances to receive the heaven-given badge of office, her sword. As her hand receives this, she swoons with very fear while the angels disappear into the well, from which issue clouds of hissing steam.

At this crisis her family rush out, to find her waving the huge sword above her head, and as she tells them of her vision and its irremediable result, she mounts a white palfry that has also mysteriously appeared upon the scene, and rides away from our sight.

In the next act, by a slight twist of the wrist, the family home becomes a castle, behind whose draw-bridge are an English garrison of about twenty men. The village is *en fête*, and the green, a mass of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children.

Finally many Normandy peasant dances are indulged in, to the time of most weird airs, and just as all is going merrily, the French army rush

on with Jeanne, at their head, who with a force of about one hundred and fifty soldiers, horse and foot, *surprises* and takes the English garrison. This event of the pantomime is the only part at all incongruous, and it is laughable to see the handful of English soldiers throwing papier-maché missiles at the French force, who with scaling ladders soon invade the fort and capture the enemy.

The third act, after a wait of ten minutes, gives us the town of Rouen. The castle has been drawn out into the center of the ring, and transformed into the scaffold—directly over the well. All the greensward has been rolled up and carted out, and from the Hippodrome's dome has been let down a circular band of gauze upon which is painted the town of Rouen.

In order to make this most consummately clever bit of painting visible on all sides, the lights outside in the audience are extinguished, and huge electric burners inside the ring are set flaring. Thus from the dark one looks into the heart of this city, and the audience on the opposite side of the ring is utilized to make the crowd that would naturally be in the streets, to witness such an infamous spectacle. Of course, we on our side of the ring are returning the compliment, but so absorbing does the tragedy become, that until all

is over we do not realize the fact, and I doubt if after a day at Oberammergau, we would believe any scenic effect impossible, in this day of talent and ingenuity.

As the entrance of the betrayed maiden is heralded by monks, who chant the Miserere, a calm falls upon the audience, as nature seems hushed before a storm. Then follow the officers of church and state, in gorgeous robes of various colors, and finally in white garments, the lamb for the sacrifice, brave Jeanne d'Arc, with unbound hair, bowed head, and clasped hands.

I expected she would walk in, but no, she was in a common ox-cart, and about her were the fagots in huge bundles which were taken up on the scaffold as she was helped to alight by her father confessor. At the steps of the scaffold she pauses, and with a pathos that should have melted heart of stone, pleads, but all in vain, for her life.

At this, one of the executioners rudely approaches her, and with brutal gestures reminds her of her fate. Unrebuked, she follows him, encouraged by the friar, and after one fond and lingering glance about the city, goes firmly up the steps and places herself against the stake.

Here one would expect the audience to break forth into applause, but the fact is, they have forgotten this is a play-pretend scene, and I do not

believe there is a being in the audience whose blood does not curdle in his veins, as the fagots are fired, and the still white figure is lost in sight amid the roaring flames.

As they somewhat subside, a rushing noise is heard, and from the embers issues suddenly a gilded equestrian statue of the martyr, clad in armor, sword in hand.

Now from all quarters of the city come companies of peasants of every division of France, in native attire, who group themselves about the base of the statue until it bristles with humanity. Then, with one accord, goes up a song of triumph, through which the weird Normandy folk-song of her youth weaves itself in and out in pathetic and tremulous waves, until the end of the chorus.

The fact that not one word has been spoken from start to finish is forgotten, and the representation is unanimously declared to have been skillfully conducted. No wonder, in face of this attraction, Sara Bernhardt took a vacation.

A few moments later the scene for us is changed. Out on the boulevards cabmen importune you to employ them, crying "Batignolles!" (a distant quarter of Paris), "Environs de Paris!" A year ago these were unwilling to drive you for almost any price more than a square or two.

Soon we are on the Champs-Elysées and seated

in front of one of its gilded cafés, where the best we can get is a "limonade," while we sigh for ice-cream soda. This drink, too, is not even made of lemons and water, but of lime juice, or citric acid, and soda fizz.

Inside, three beturbaned and short-skirted women are playing on the piano and violin, and on the other side of the room a blasé woman sits smoking cigarettes *a la* unnatural young American girls in Ouida's novels, or the real French *coupantes* of Daudet.

"Are the players Hungarians?" I ask of the garçon.

"*Oui, Madame,*" he quickly replies, "*Hongroises des boulevards de Montmartre.*"

Not satisfied with one pantomime, we go the next evening to see Felecie Mallet distinguish herself in "L'Enfant Prodigue," or "The Infant Prodigy," as I heard a countryman translate it. She certainly succeeds in impersonating a most fascinating young *roué*, and I wonder if Ada Rehan, who watched most intently her every motion, had any thoughts of endeavoring to produce it across the sea. She is certainly versatile enough to play the part of the "Prodigal Son," an American audience would endure it.

Fortunately Pierro has no part to speak, and yet every motion of face and figure is so fraught

with meaning that I wondered at the presence of young children.

The next day a matron, with a daughter of eighteen, asked me if it was anything she could take the girl to see, and, as I saw she wanted to see it herself, I replied: "The first act is all right, the second *un peu risquable*. Take your daughter out for an ice then, and return for the third and last act." I never learned whether she took my advice.

Of course I was too late to see any of the Salon pictures *en masse*, but I am told the rupture in the Academy has resulted in a new and old Salon, the first of which held its own this last spring and presented prizes, with no less a figure-head for president than Meissonier.

In both of these our former townswoman, Mrs. Garrett C. Daboll, had a portrait accepted. They were on porcelain, one being of herself and the other of her mother, and in her charming home on the Avenue de l'Opera I had the pleasure of admiring them.

Two luxuries I would like to transplant to Buffalo from Paris, viz.: the clean streets, with clear, almost drinkable water always flowing in the gutters, and cheap cabs. I believe we could have cheaper cabs in Buffalo if a man was willing to make ten journeys in a day instead of standing

for hours in such a windy quarter as Lafayette Square.

Unemployed men could easily earn money in this way. I think these are the men that do such work in Paris, for certainly they cannot receive much wages, and an expert in any paying trade could never afford to do such work.

Everyone is employed here, and there is no beggary. The jean-jacketed porter and white-capped maid have cheery voices and clean faces. Many a rich woman in other lands might learn a lesson from a poor French woman's feet. They are always well shod, and as for ankles, they excel all other country-women for trigness in this particular.

After a week of sunshine here, we are anticipating weather to order for both our channel and ocean trips, which are near at hand. Perfect days have made it possible to accomplish a great deal, and yet one never wishes to leave Paris for the uncertainties of the sea.

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NEW YORK, September 22, 1890.

Being interrupted in Paris, I found I could finish this letter in New York and get it to Buffalo as soon as if sent from there. The above short and long dashes signify channel and ocean. The first, as you see, was calm and consequently enjoyable; the latter too unpleasant to be mentioned in polite society.

Among the passengers were many well-known men, such as Consul-General John C. New, of Indianapolis; Dr. F. O. St. Clair, of Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of Boston; Dr. A. P. Van Giesen, of Poughkeepsie; Prof. C. M. Vincent, the great explorer, from everywhere; C. E. Cookman, of New York; George B. Howell, of Albany; Dr. W. M. Hudson, of Hartford, and others.

The *Berlin* behaved her prettiest in the meanest and most persistent head-wind on record, and jolly Capt. Land (it is such a comfort to see land when in the midst of the sea) did all that could be thought of for the convenience and comfort of those of us who came above.

Never did *terra firma* feel more unsteady, or a quiet bed cut up more antics than were experienced yesterday ; but 'tis America, nevertheless, and New York notwithstanding ; and who could desire to be anywhere else than in "the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

New York is looking its best, and the shops hold their own most decidedly. The rivals of Redfern, Deutsch & Co. have just opened the most elegant and artistic show-rooms in the world, corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, and if their windows are an index to their styles, they should succeed.

New York women are always the daintiest and most stylish creatures in the world, in my estimation, and as for the men, they certainly surpass those of any other nation in form and face.

Houses are being opened up, and the warm weather, which seems most oppressive after ocean breezes, does not seem to deter their occupants from returning to them.

It is to be hoped that the epidemic of losing luggage will cease when cold weather comes ; otherwise I shall be forced to retract much of the praise I have given our system of checking this summer whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Just at present I have no personal grievance in that respect, but I would like to suggest that the

Hudson River road get a new corps of men in its New York baggage-room. If I had been a foreigner to-day and had been treated as rudely as I was, there would have been a chance for some invidious comparisons. One of my trunks had been sent from the dock, after the custom-house examination, minus one strap. I saw this and asked the burly porter, who had been in that station for years, if he had a piece of rope to put around it.

“Why don’t you buy a strap? Aint got no rope,” he rudely replied.

“Have you them for sale?”

“Yes, I have,” is the snappish answer.

“How much are they?”

The price mentioned was more than I cared to indulge in, so he, with a most vindictive look, weighed the piece, a thing I never had done before in all the years I have passed over the road, and because I would not buy his strap, took out his revenge in charging a good, round sum for my trunk.

Now I am convinced that if this had been in England, or even on the continent, any bagageman would have at least answered me civilly, and, I am sure, would have tied up the trunk, especially if, as was the case here, there was no rush of business.

The new "Transatlantic Indemnity Baggage Checking Company," with offices both in Europe and America, may force local offices to look to their laurels, as its employees are most gentlemanly men.

One of them offered to unstrap and unlock my trunks on the dock in New York, quite unsolicited, and the persons having luggage in their care were met and enabled to depart before anyone else, through the promptness of the men in charge.

And now, before I say hail and farewell, let me tell you that "Tiddledy Winks" is the hero of the hour in New York, and I hear a rumor that "Halma," the former favorite, is already black and yellow with rage, and trembling in his boots for fear of dethronement. Has Buffalo yet become a victim to his charms! If not, it should, and I shall take pains to inquire upon my arrival not many days hence.

## INNSPRUCK TO OBERAMMERGAU

*via*

ZIRL, MITTENWALD, PARTENKIRCHEN,  
OBERAU AND ETTAL.

UPON our arrival in Innspruck it was raining in torrents, and the River Inn was swollen and rushing wildly over its winding bed. By the kind advice of an Austrian gentleman we had met in the train, we went directly across the street from the station, as it was very late, to the Hotel de l' Europe.

The proprietor said he had not a single bedroom, but would give our party his two private parlors, and we were accordingly ushered up to them. They were gorgeous! Yellow damask-covered furniture, lace curtains, etc., among which the small beds, evidently put there for the occasion, looked most out of place.

In the morning we discovered we had been so spry at getting into the hotel the previous evening that our kind friend had been forced to go to the Tiroler Hof, close at hand in the same square. Another time I should go there, too, unless I wanted quaintness, and a chance to mingle with the people, and, if so, the "Goldner Adler" would be the one to select.

It was Friday morning, and we were now on the threshold of Oberammergau, but as yet had made no arrangements for seeing the much-looked-forward-to event, the "Passion Play."

The fact was I had learned that many who had engaged places through Cook & Gaze for former representations, were not as impressed with the arrangements made for them as these companies expected them to be. I therefore concluded to take my chances all around, having previously written twice, and from Innspruck telegraphed to Burgomaster Lang that "we were coming."

As I said, it was positively too late the evening previous, for us to make any arrangements for our start on the morrow, especially when we learned that the diligence through to Oberammergau left at 4.30 or 5 A. M., for a drive of many miles. But first thing this morning, I inquired of our host the price of a carriage and pair for four to Oberammergau. He told me one hundred and twenty marks would cover all costs, this being equal to twenty-four dollars of our money.

By chance I happened into the Tiroler Hof, and the very polite blue-coated porter suggested I try to get a "return wagon," as he called it, one belonging to Oberammergau. I caught at the idea at once, and with my brother went in search of such a commodity in the court-yard of the Goldner Adler.

“ ‘Twas a misty, moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather,” but we called it charming—for the Tyrol, you know—thankful enough that it was not raining.

The interior of this ancient hostel was a study for an artist; but I only partially enjoyed it, since the time I passed beneath its antique ceiling was occupied by my endeavors to impart my errand, in an unfamiliar tongue, to the women in charge. At the time I was so much in earnest, that I could not see myself as others saw me; but when, by various gyrations, they had explained to me, that there was a man there with a “return wagon,” but that he had gone to the smithy with his horses, I had time to muse upon our impromptu pantomime and fully realized its absurdity.

Just here the man came in, but since neither gestures nor my original German made the least impression on him, I suggested we return to the kind porter and get his help. This we did, and I really must chronicle the fact that in the whole transaction, he did by me as by himself, reducing the charge from ninety to sixty marks, everything included, engaging the man to leave at noon that day, and writing out a contract that we be delivered in Oberammergau by noon on the morrow.

The difference of fifty marks between our host's price and the one I had bargained for, made me

fully satisfied ; and when I returned at noon for the signed contract, I assured the porter in a solid manner of my gratitude.

Between ten and twelve we did the town from the bank to the Hofkirche, in which is the unique tomb of the Emperor Maximillian I.

Alas ! A heavy mist hung over the town, and at noon we left without seeing its girdle of snow-covered mountains, which the atmosphere told us were there.

The arcades, brilliant with goods displayed to catch tourists' eyes, made us realize Italy was not far distant, and in the people's faces, in their language, and in their names, its influence was most apparent.

Over the Inn we go on the brücke that gives it its name, and begin very soon to climb into the mountains.

We are friends with our coachman from the start, although, from all advice given us, we hold ourself in readiness to defeat any attempt on his part, or the people in the town towards which we tend, to cheat us. Yes, we have his signed contract in an inside pocket, and from it we learn his name is Xavier Rassmadl.

What a huge, brawny man he was ! and what a warm coat he wore ! Like himself, his laugh was big and hearty, and we noticed he walked for miles up steep hills, rather than add a pound to the load.

From Innspruck to Zirl we follow the windings of the Inn, going up a gradual ascent, until we can look east and west for miles over the Innthal, whose stream feels its importance in being a branch of the Danube.

Curious windmills attract our attention, and with all there is to see, we can hardly realize that two hours have been consumed during this climb. From Zirl to Reith we have two extra horses. Xavier and the extra man both walk, and we get higher and higher, having left the Inn at Zirl, and turned our faces due north.

We only halted once during this pull, and that was at Leiten. Here, in front of its *Gasthof Hirlchen*, we divide our attention between the fine view of the Wetterstein Gebirge (we are up nearly 4,000 feet) and a beauteous lad who waters our horses. He was at play with dice, as we drove up, with two men and a woman, at a table outside the *Gasthof*. Best of all, he had never known he was beautiful, but had been born and might in all probability die there, in unconsciousness of what a face he possessed, like the Alpine flowers he resembled.

The group at play was a living picture, and just such as Defregger has made his name from painting. The woman was so busy at her gambling that she almost neglected to sell her beer to our

two men, and, without moving, would call out in shrill tones to some one within, then shake her dice and grab her profits, all in a breath.

The houses here assume an azure shade, and by the time Reith is reached, they are sky-blue. The preponderance of this color penetrates us, for the mist that has obligingly held itself tantalizingly overhead begins to fall, and as the darkness sets in, we have Xavier close all the carriage windows, and in speechless dreariness abandon ourselves to our thoughts.

It is not difficult to fancy 'tis many years ago, and that we are wearing powdered wigs and patches on our faces. We are going to a wedding, in our private carriage, with coachmen and footmen to obey our commands, and, of course, the inevitable postilion on the leader. Now we are stopped at a border town by brigands, and but for the bravery of our servants, would have been rifled of all our valuable jewels, like the count and his lady in "*Fra Diavolo*."

Will this journey never end! Yes, with a "Whoa!" and a pull up, which gives us a jog, we—awake to find we are nineteenth centuryites, and as far as Mittenwald.

While rubbing our eyes, we inquire was our dream of the brigands all fancy, or did Xavier really stop and talk, and was not our carriage door

opened by a man, who spoke gruffly? Yes, we did stop back at the Defile of Scharnitz, on the boundary of Bavaria and the Austrian Tyrol, and that we must have been asleep ever since Seefeld and Scharnitz were passed, lulled, no doubt, by fatigue, the intense quiet, and the murmur of the "Isar, rolling rapidly" on its way to Munich.

It is nine o'clock, and the message sent to the "Post" has never been received, the host tells us. Alas! can he take us in at so late an hour?

*Jah, wohl*, he can, is the happy reply, and soon we are within his doors.

To describe this hostelry with pen and ink, would need more time than I can give to it now. Suffice to say, as we were bowed in and up-stairs, we felt the politeness with which we were welcomed, and thought what was the use of bothering to be crowned heads, when we were treated as such everywhere we went.

The entrance hall was broad and long, and paved; the first flight of stairs winding, and very, very broad. These brought us to a huge upper hall, whose front half was cut off by stained-glass doors. Then the next flight came out upon another equally large and square hall (what dances could be given here!), and the rooms we occupied gave upon it.

We lose no time in getting to bed, after im-

pressing the fact upon the chambermaid that she must "rap us up" at 4.30. Six hours and a half of sleep seems "as a dream that is told," when getting-up time comes. The maid, after she raps, is busy polishing our boots in the hall, from which she appears never to have stirred.

When dressed we go into the entrance hall, and, following the odor of coffee, by 5.30 are in the dimly lit dining-room. Many are there before us, for it seems two diligencies had come in the evening before and one early that morning. The tussle for breakfast being over, which consisted of "kaffee, brod und eier," we find our coach in the center of the paved hall and are thankful, since it is raining hard.

From my bedroom window I had taken in the town with a glance. Quite opposite was the Burgomaster's residence, a yellow-plaster house much ornamented with frescoes, and at this early hour watched the housemaid take off the window-boards. Then, in order to get some money changed, I went across the street, and passed some of the violin shops, for the manufacture of which this district is noted.

Suffice to say, I should have been very glad to remain here several days, in fair weather, and to make some of the many excursions into the

neighboring valleys and mountains, so much recommended.

From Mittenwald' we follow the mountain road northwest, for ten miles to Partenkirchen. Here we gladly leave the carriage for some refreshments, consisting of "bouillon mit eier," wine of the country and "weiss brod." The table, a long one, is occupied by people speaking many languages, and from the stir about us, and the noise of stages departing and arriving, we begin to realize Oberammergau is not far distant.

While Xavier rests here one hour, we inspect the modern Gothic church, ablaze within with tinsel, and highly colored hangings at the altar. The main street is muddy, but the people are going about all in curious costumes, and at this hour of nine o'clock are busy with their daily avocations. Many cattle and goats are driven hither and thither.

This wait gives us time to get somewhat acquainted with our hostess, a fat old party, wearing several brilliant diamond rings. In the hall with us a priest and an artist "wait for the wagon." The latter, as we can judge by his garments, is off for a holiday, and by chance has met the priest. As the unusually pretty waitresses pass back and forth from the tap to the dining-room, they cast languishing looks upon him, but

he is through with them, as he shows by the scowl he gives in return. The girl he chucked under the chin last night, kissed and used as a model, is this morning a thing of the past, and he shows a desire to maintain his dignity in the presence of his fat and churchly friend.

It is rare fun, this watching the coming and going in the inn, "Stern" by name, and finally, after all the diligences have departed (how glad we are not to be tucked in one), we start on our way to Oberau.

The principal object of interest now was the weather! Would it or would it not clear, was the question that perplexed us! We were, at any rate, in a warmer and lower climate than the evening before, for then the snow covered the mountains, and every stream was swollen to its utmost capacity. It was, consequently, more like late November than August, and we dreaded the possibility of a rainy Sunday for the Passion Play.

Half-way to Oberau, we rest our horses again for forty minutes. The carriage is left in front of the village inn, and while I dismount and go within to write a *Courier* letter, our artist sits in the carriage and sketches the most picturesque street in the village. One by one, the villagers, big and little, gather about the carriage, and when we depart they in unison declare the sketch *sehr gut!*

*sehr schöne!* and say many more complimentary things we are unable to understand, but which seem to please Xavier.

By this time we have concluded Xavier is not going to cheat us, and in some unexplained way have managed to establish friendly relations with him, despite we *cannot* understand his *lingua*.

This confidence in him leads to our engaging him for sixteen marks to take our quartette to Oberau, after the play. We are quite satisfied when we find Cook & Gaze charge five marks each to jolt one in their common wagons over the same road.

“I feel as uncertain how we are to fare at Oberammergau,” I exclaim to my comrades, “as I do about the future; but somehow I have confidence that we will get there and fare all right.”

We ride into Oberau over a plain with the mountains, in which Oberammergau is hidden, quite before us. Here we do not halt, but go on by the new government road that ascends for two and one-half miles by rapid turns for seven hundred feet to Ettal.

Before us are many diligences, post-wagons and pedestrians, and at Oberau we see the railway which is finished from there to Partenkirchen. I neglected to state there was also one from Innspruck to Zirl, and so before 1900 there will be a

railway the entire distance from Innspruck to Munich.

Since the route from Oberau to Oberammergau is the beginning of the end of the pilgrimage, I doubt very much if this holy road will ever be desecrated by railway traffic. If so, the entire solemnity of the play would be ruined at the beginning. At Ettal we pass our priest and artist, who, evidently, came by rail to Oberau, trudging over the wet and gravelly road in interested conversation.

How beautiful it all is! and what a quaint village! But we cannot stop now, although we will on our return, to visit the Moorish-looking monastery and church, whose cupola and minarets were seen long before we reached them.

From here we have a fine view of the Ettaler Mandl, whose bluff peak towers five thousand feet high, and soon we descend into the Amerthal.

I had always supposed from what I had read that Oberammergau was higher than Ettal. You see I was mistaken, as it is, by actual figures, one hundred and twenty miles below.

This places it in a broad valley, directly on the Ammer, which flows through the town, with an amphitheatre of hills for a beautiful finish about its outskirts.

As we approach the outlying houses, a change

from the many shrines by the roadside, Xavier turns and ejaculates, "Hier ist Ammergau!" At this my heart gives a sudden leap; I feel the strangest sensation of loneliness take possession of me, and with three other people to provide for comfortably, besides myself, I almost wish I had not come. My only hope is Xavier! At a halt back on the road, I had learned somehow that he had a "frau," but "keine kindern," and also a barn. I made him understand we were coming here quite unprepared, and would he let us sleep on his hay, if bad came to worse? (you see I had heard of people having to do this).

"Jah wohl," he replied, and laughed heartily.

Somehow he braced me with that laugh, little as he knew it, and the curious look in his eye, which meant he thought me very droll, I needed no language to interpret for me.

As we entered the town, my heart actually stood still at sight of the many people before me, although according to promise it was only noon on Saturday. By my direction he went to the Rathaus, at the door of which I was told the Burgomaster was at dinner.

Inquiring the way to his house, No. 151, we went thither. Here a youth met me at the door and said the Burgomaster would be at the Rathaus at one o'clock.

While talking with him, I stepped inside the door. The hall was plain as an American wood-shed, and in one corner a lot of truck was piled, giving the place a most untidy appearance. As I returned to the carriage I was in despair ; we could not wait forty minutes, besides we were tired and hungry.

I suggested we try to find the number and people with which two Protestant nuns had told us they stayed, and so in search of Frau Winckler, No. 146, we drove further on, Xavier doing his best to help us. The streets ran in every direction ; in fact, there were no streets, but dividing lines, the people being found by the number of their houses, which seemed to have grown up out of the ground in other people's back yards, or where such yards should have been. Between the houses, on one side of the street by which we entered the town, and our road, ran the Ammer, and from time to time small foot bridges crossed it.

Boston streets are nowhere for intricacy, in comparison to the maze at Ammergau, and I would like to see any stranger who has walked its streets and not been puzzled as to where he lived.

Well ! we could not find No. 146, and just as I was in despair a man in front of No. 165 said he had three rooms and seven unoccupied beds. His house was centrally located, and I entered at once. In

the narrow hall a pair of steps were put up against an opening above, the trap-door of which was fastened up. I clambered up these and found one room had four beds. This I took with the chance of a fourth person being put in, and the single bedroom for my brother at ten marks (\$2.00) a person. This paid for two nights, instead of one, the rule in Ammergau in all houses, and our food was to be bought outside.

The host spoke French after a German style of his own, but it was a relief to Xavier's gibberish (dear old Xav, as we called him, how patient he was), and our host was most attentive throughout our stay.

I now returned to the Rathhaus alone. At the door a string of people as long as the Moral Law stood in line. Working my way by degrees to the door, I heard the grim custodian ask those in front of me, "Haben schrieben," to which they answered briefly, "Schrieben haben." So when he asked me the same, I was prepared. Those who said they had not, or had intended to, or had no time before, or any other excuse, I noticed were turned away, for the old guard seemed a veritable St. Peter.

Once in, the wait on the stairs was most tedious. People of all nationalities were there, and yet at the door above, the two guardians in

blue coats and brass buttons only admitted two at a time. I looked about for the rush, crush and mad scramble I had seen so much written about, and had been told of and warned against, and yet all was law and order to a tiresome degree.

I was in a high-wrought state when I was at last admitted into the sacred precinct, with a puffy, red-faced Englishman. This room evidently extended the entire length of the building and had at least six large windows in it. Opposite me was a fire-place and in the farther left-hand corner of the room, behind a railing, sat three young men, all with gentle faces and long hair. As I approached I thought what if my name should not be in their sacred book ! The handsomest of the three addressed me in German, and to my inquiry, "Do you speak English?" replied, "A leetle." I was then asked my name, and said I had "telegraphed once and written twice." He opened the book, ran his finger down the page, and almost before he came to it I saw what I expected, "*Schelden, G. C.—4 billeten—Schreiben und telegraphen.*"

He next asked, "Do you wanted rooms?"

I replied, "No, thank you, I have found them for myself."

"Where?" he replied.

This question I could not answer, as the number

had gone entirely from my mind, so, in the best German I could muster, I described "our landlord" as "klein schöne speaking Französisch, mit ein schnurrbart."

This description pleased them very much, but think as they would, they could not place him, so they told me to return and ask him for tickets for our party which he ought to have. When I left that room I think I felt something as a young law-student must, after passing his exams for admittance to the bar.

Once more out in the streets, I, by degrees, found "our house," and then Herr ——, to be told he only had "three tickets."

This meant another visit to the Rathhaus, which I dreaded, but I returned there at once, and with a confidential nod to St. Peter, who remembered me, and the two guardians above, I walked in past the long line of waiting people. In a moment—I having learned the number this time—the three youths gave me my fourth ticket, and with the hope that to-morrow would be "schönes wetter," I left them forever.

About the door were some of the prettiest and most healthy little lads I ever saw. All of them had long hair, some of them being as yellow as flax. These were employed to take people to

assigned lodgings, but of course I had no need of them.

In fact all the men in the village wore long hair with the exception of St. Peter, St. Andrew and Judas, and it gave them an oriental and peculiar air, as uncommon as was their town and themselves.

After a hearty dinner in the tap-room of the Wittelsbacher (we thought the first part of the hotel's name very appropriate) we took a nap, and by four o'clock were ready to investigate the village.

This was a treat, and possibly never again shall I encounter, in so small a space, people of so many nationalities.

It was like "putting a girdle round the world," and with the load of uncertainty regarding rooms and tickets rolled off my shoulders, I entered fully into everything.

The shops were full of carving, and for a reasonable price I thought, but when I wanted rubbers, they showed me some gun-boats, seven, eight and nine, in size, and asked seven, eight and nine marks for them—a mark being equal to our twenty-five cents.

The sun was out, and by its aid the streets were dry—and all hearts lighter.

We went through the town to see where Cook's office was. Here was a man, with a book in his hand, besieged by women and young girls, whose questions he was answering very shortly, and as if by the greatest condescension.

I was thankful I was not a "Cookie"—and my thoughts were interrupted by a very tired voice exclaiming, "Oh, dear ! I do wish I knew where to get something to eat. That horrid man won't answer our questions at all!"

I looked about and saw it was a compatriot with two other young girls of her age.

"Are you alone?" I asked.

"No; but our chaperon, Miss L——, don't speak German or French, and while we have Cook's tickets, we can't get a bit of attention from that agent."

"Come with me, we are returning past the Wittelsbacher, and will show you where it is," I answered.

So we went on our way, leaving the agent in conversation with a callow American youth, who was explaining how long ago he had engaged rooms and tickets, and how dissatisfied he was with what had been given him.

At the hotel I entered and ordered for the "maidens all forlorn" a good tea, and never shall I forget the bright look that even the bare

prospect of food brought out upon their woe-begone faces.

By this time it was six o'clock, so, we went up to the outside balcony of a hotel, near the street leading to the theater, to see the band march thither. I had been told by some one, that all the actors marched with it; but, like every other thing I had heard before coming here, this was not so. Only the band—preceded by policemen—went by, playing a lively air quite unfamiliar to me.

Then I visited the church which has a most *bizarre* interior, as I did not expect to attend early mass the next morning, and after tea, at which we encountered some Buffalo friends, and made a new acquaintance in an English lady, we returned to our home.

Again we climb up the ladder. And now I must describe our room before I sleep.

Years ago, in 1880, Augustus Hoppin illustrated his bedroom in Mayr's house, in his "Ups and Downs by Land and Water." The beds here I found just as short as he drew them, but being only four feet eleven I had no cause of complaint.

Our room, as I said, contained four beds, and the odd one *was* occupied by a woman fast asleep. Through the middle of the room was a curtain,

quite dividing one part from the other, and in each corner was a bed. There were three windows, and two wash-stands, with plain white bowls, pitchers, soap-dishes and soap, glasses filled with drinking water and plenty of towels for four, although they were not large.

The head of my bed was at one window and by its foot was another. The sheets were linen and white as snow, the pillow-cases being trimmed and inserted with lace, and, of course, upon each bed was the inevitable feather coverlet, which none but a native can keep over him all night.

I can go to bed with it, spread over me as evenly as sod on a grave, but in the morning a resurrection seems to have taken place, for it always lies upon the floor.

One by one the lights were extinguished in the houses, and by nine o'clock quiet reigned. The quiet is fairly solemn, as if in silent prayer the world of Oberammergau was preparing and strengthening itself against the morrow.

## THE PASSION PLAY.

OBERAMMERGAU, 1890.

SUNDAY, August 31st, dawned clear and bright. I was awakened at 5.15 from a dream of being at home, and that it was Fourth of July. Some fire-crackers had been set off under my bed, and in my effort to jump up, I discovered my mistake. The booming cannons of Oberammergau are the crackers, and I realize that the Mystery Play of 1890 is announced. From my bed, I can see in two directions without moving, and notice in response to this early cannonading, the sun at once begins to tint the sky.

This is not a good sign for fair weather, but croaking does not mend matters, and I silently hope for the best. Then at the second cannon, 5.30, priests, with and without skirts, hurry churchward for early mass, but only a few villagers appear to follow in their footsteps. Those that do pass my windows, returning later with what is called "*ein stück brod*," in many cases as long as they are tall. This they carry unconcernedly under their arms, two small boys using theirs to bat each other.

At six o'clock the bells begin to chime, and cannons boom every two minutes, during which the band of the previous evening goes toward the theater, playing, as previously, a gay and martial air. There seemed in this a lack of good taste, as some solemn dirge would have been more in tone with the occasion. The musicians are preceded by village policemen, who wear brass helmets.

As the music ceases, all is silent, and this preliminary excitement having subsided, a patriotic American cannot but compare his sensations to those experienced upon a Fourth of July at home. The pedestrians that now flock through the streets are an unconscious fund of amusement. I would rather watch them than sleep. So bracing myself into a comfortable attitude, where I can command both windows, I report to my less fortunately situated friends the facts in the case.

“That old priest is in the house next to ours!” I exclaim. “Yes, 'tis the same one, and here comes his artist friend in the very same Tyrolean costume he had on yesterday in the Partenkirchen inn. I wonder why he carries his knapsack everywhere! Do you suppose he will take it to the play?”

“I don't know why not, when he carries it to mass!” they reply.

“I do wish you could see this old man coming!”

I exclaim. "He is a living picture of Christian in 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' His green bag, or knapsack, nearly bends his toil-worn frame to the ground. He has just arrived, I do believe, and no doubt is from Unterammergau, or some neighboring town."

By this time the villagers are all astir.

The bakers' boys wheel straw wagons full of bread one way, and return with them empty, their Sunday suits showing signs of their trade.

Beautiful cattle wander peacefully toward the pastures, their tinkling bells chiming mountain melodies in tune to their deliberate gait.

Towards the east I look again and see that the sun gilds the front of Burgomaster Lang's house, one of the largest in the village. The front is covered with saintly frescoes and festoons of flowers, and now the board blinds are thrown back from the windows, and this fact should declare the day fully arisen. Behind this house, the Kofel, a green hill, stands boldly out, and on its top is a cross that indicates the pious villagers have climbed the requisite two thousand feet to place it there.

I call this a hill, as I see the towering "Zugspitze," five times its height, and "Wetterstein," nearly three times as tall, with their heads in the morning mist.

At 6.30 the sun is really up, and, as he beams upon the town, I am sure all holders of five-mark tickets are full of thankfulness, for these seat one in the open air.

I muse upon the state of affairs in Ammergau, everything being so different from what has been reported to me, and then indulge in a short nap until seven o'clock.

When I awoke our fourth companion had gone, and this was all I ever knew of her.

After coffee, bread and marmalade at a neighboring café, we are ready to start for the play. It has suddenly clouded, is cold, and a slight rain causes umbrellas of all kinds and colors to be produced. This we discover is a cloud come down upon us, when we get out of the town, winding our way theaterwards, between rows of temporary booths, erected for the sale of photographs, librettos and food of a very plain type.

The owners are alert and ready to sell; and this phase of the surroundings I did not endorse. However, I doubt if they were villagers proper, since those all had their regular shops and seemed home-keeping people. At all fêtes and grand church celebrations in France and Italy, the people carry on business as we do at a county fair. Why, therefore, should much-criticized Ammergau

be an exception to the rule on the continent?  
Our tickets read :



At the entrance to the theater we go up some rude board steps, and are at the entrance door.

A vast audience is already seated. The ushers tear our pasteboard ticket, leaving us the check, as in American theaters, and quickly show us our seat. Again we are surprised at the quiet and systematic arrangements for seating over five thousand people, and sit down in our special seat as if in a dream.

Is this really the Passion Play we are about to witness? and how shall we be impressed? are, doubtless, the questions each person present has asked himself. Let me give you my experience.

The libretto I had decided the most convenient, was one bound in green, that had reached its fifth edition, as the title-page announced, published in Munich, 1890, by Frederich Adolf Ackermann.

Its first page was illustrated by a half-tone cut of Christ knocking at the door, by Prof. H. Hoffman, and inside the cover the play and players were named, as follows :

THE GREAT SACRIFICE  
OF  
REDEMPTION ON GOLGOTHA  
or the History of the suffering and death  
of our Lord JESUS CHRIST according to the four Gospels.  
With tableaux, representing scenes of the Old Testament.

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PERSONS.

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Christ . . . . .	Josef Mayr.
John . . . . .	Peter Rendl.
Peter . . . . .	Jacob Hett.
Judas . . . . .	Johann Zwink.
Virgin Mary . . . . .	Rosa Lang.
Mary Magdalen. . . . .	Amalie Deschler.
Martha . . . . .	Helena Lang.
Jos. of Arimathea . . . . .	M. Oppenrieder.
Nikodemus . . . . .	Frz. Steinbacher.
Caiaphas . . . . .	Bürgerm. Lang.
Annas . . . . .	Franz Rutz sen.
Nathaniel . . . . .	Seb. Lang jun.
Rabbi . . . . .	Seb. Bauer.
Pilate . . . . .	Thomas Rendl.
Herod . . . . .	Johann Diemer.
Sim. of Bethany . . . . .	Gregor Lechner.
Simon Cyrenian . . . . .	Michael Bauer.

Andrew, Thomas, Both Jacobs, Philipp, — Thaddeus, Simon and the other Deciples,—Malchus.

Priests,— Pharisees,— Courtiers,— Captains,— Soldiers,— Leaders,— Lictors,— Executioners,— Writers,— People,— Children,— Crowd.—

Leading of the play: Bürgermeister Lang. Leading of the tableaux: Zeichenlehrer Lang. Leading of the music: Lehrer Gruber. Choragus: Jakob Rutz.

SOPRAN.—Josepha Breitsammter, Ludovica Gindhart, Anna Korntheuer, Luzie Lang, Aloisia Mayr, Regina Wolf, Maria Samm.

ALT. — Antonia Albl, Crescenz Bierling, Johanna Keller,  
Crescenz Klamer, Magdalena Köpf, Marie Lutz, Josepha  
Steidle.

TENOR. — Otto Anderl, Korbinian Christa, Alois Lang,  
Anton Lechner, Dominikus Schilcher.

BASS.—Joseph Gabler, Anton Lutz, Otto Mangold, Korbinian Rutz.

Next to the title-page came a few reprinted letters of introduction, and then a cut of the theater, with description. I give it *verbatim* without comment :

**The Oberammergau Theater,**

with numbered folding-seats, gives room enough for 4000 spectators.

*Seats:*      I.      II.      III.      IV.      V.      VI.      } I. II. III.  
*Admission:*      Marks 10.—, 8.—, 6.—, 5.—, 3.—, 1.— } are roofed.

—There are 2 separate rooms for princes giving 16 seats.

—Performance from 8—4½.

—Pouse to take a lunch: 11½—1.

—Do not forget an opera glas!

**BEDS:** The village has 2500 beds, á 2—3 Marks, the better ones 4—5 Mark.

Every Privathouse gives boarding and every house of accommodation gets so many tickets as it has beds.

During the last ten years, there have been built 16 new privathouses and a pretty handsome Villa of Madame Wilhelmine Hillern, writer of some good german novels, further an excellent school for woodcarvers and a large hospital.

oberammergau may be reached from three quarters (*Railway prospectus, Cabs and Carriage* see inside of the binding).

After this, comes several views of Ammergau, Partenkirchen, Oberau and Ettal, with a description of the play from its inception in the middle ages.

This is a more than many-times-told tale, yet for the benefit of my readers I will give a hasty synopsis :

Christianity is the cause of the Passion Play, which statement may surprise many and induce others to see it, if it is given in 1900, as I believe will be the case.

In Pagan days all races loved the stage and its allurements, and when many years after Christ came and gave Himself as the lamb for the great Sacrifice of Redemption, a reformation swept through the land, people were still desirous of being amused, but in a manner fitted to their changed condition and religious ardor. Along with churchmen and artists who worked to beautify churches and all that pertained to them, with fine stained glass, illuminated missals and unique architecture in those days—works which will never perish while Christianity exists—lived men who wrote sacred plays. These Mysteries were beloved of the people, and since churchmen not only gave them their blessing, but were their authors, no wonder they grew in favor.

When the whitewash period came, as antithesis of all the luxury and indulgence that had preceded it, and the Reformation had torn from the Church some of its staunchest supporters, such plays were frowned on along with the luxury in

which the Church had indulged its votaries. But in many by-paths and mountain recesses these plays, unnoticed, still flourished and one of them, Oberammergau, shows to-day a record unparalleled by any other village of its size in the world.

Only once, that during the Thirty Year's War, had their desire to discontinue the representation of some one or other of the many religious plays been manifested. Then, to their peculiar minds were they severely reprimanded, for a plague came into their midst, as if to remind them of their sluggishness. So evident was this reproof, that a vow, kept sacredly to date, was made to continue these plays should the plague subside. With its subsidence, every decade the Passion Spiel has been given, and only once has it been interrupted, viz., during the Franco-Prussian War.

After this explanation, can anyone imagine that four centuries of continued activity on this plan could help but make Oberammergau unique?

As birds fly, as even the tiniest rootlet of the crocus that empurples their fields is indigenous, as the Ammer, impelled by an unknown but irresistible force, wends its way in liquid purity through their town, so naturally do the peasants of Oberammergau perform this Passion Play. Do not for a moment imagine this is all they do. I am told that never a year, and scarcely three months,

passes, without some play being given, for which they are in active preparation.

Despite this, they live even lives, working day by day at their trade at wood-carving, and from the time the first villager is seen until we leave, it is impossible to obtain evidences of any dissipation among them. Knowing this, it seems but natural that they should be able to act out the lives of just such humble men and women as themselves, for if the "sins of the forefathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations," in same proportion must goodness and talent be hereditary, and hence this absolutely unique race of Bavarian peasants.

The entire village participates, five and six hundred persons, from children to old men and women, fill the stage in the tableaux, and during the play, and when all is over, it is impossible for one to realize that a play and not a reality has been witnessed. From the "entry into Jerusalem" to the ascension this marvellous spectacle is enacted without a flaw. Time is annihilated, identity is forgotten, and as if actually living in A. D. 31, you glory in, believe in, and suffer with the Christ.

Hence the absurdity of crying out against it, of calling it anything but very sacred, of pretending for a moment it is not purely religious and a help, even for the most rigid Protestant.

The play in its present form owes its purity and rhythm to a former priest of the village named Daisenberger. He really transformed the play, accentuating the part of the Christus and removing the devil from it altogether, the fact that there was a Judas being to his mind enough evidence that his Satanic majesty was still rampant.

Half a century ago this young and cultured priest saw the necessity of broadening the play for the times. From the churchyard, the scene of action was removed to the edge of the town, and such innovations as the stage, the chorus and many other details added.

These prefatory notes I gained hints of while waiting, in almost feverish impatience for the curtain to rise. At eight o'clock exactly solemn music breaks the silence. This comes from an unseen orchestra, and then the chorus of twenty-four, half men and half women, issues from both sides of the stage, out of Doric colonnades. As they meet in the middle of the stage, the leader announces that the sacred play is about to begin.

In a glance you notice all are in the costume of the Greek chorus, consisting of white tunics, edged with gold embroidery, and about them are thrown colored mantles, which assist to make a brilliant and yet harmonious picture. Upon their heads are golden crowns, and upon their feet sandals.

The women's faces are peaceful rather than beautiful. Many of the men are very handsome, all with their long hair and bronzed, health-colored faces, make a favorable impression.

As they sing in steady, homespun voices the touching prologue, you gaze upon the scene in undisguised admiration. Directly over the center portion of the stage in the tympanum is the representation of Christ enthroned, surrounded by an adoring multitude. The curtain has three prophets upon it—Isaiah and Jeremiah at the sides and in the center, Moses.

As the first tableau is given, this curtain is rolled up, and only descends between the eighteen representations, the scene curtain, being divided in the center. The upper part of this has an open Bible upon it, the lower, ten anciently clad figures, indicative of the Decalogue.

As the first tableau is given, the chorus gracefully divide, the twelve men going to one side of the stage, the twelve women to the other. This represents Adam and Eve being driven from Eden, and but for the browned hand and wrist of the angel, you would hardly believe they were alive. As you gaze upon this scene, the chorus continue their explanatory chant, and as the curtain closes, they prepare you for the next, which is of a cross about which cling thirteen children, in

prayer. The chorus kneel in adoration, and a chorus of children's voices sing: "Eternal One! O hear the stammering of Thy children!" etc., until the end.

The chorus now quietly slip back again in to the porticoes, and all eyes are fastened upon the stage for the entrance of the Christus.

A distant murmur, as of an approaching multitude, is heard, then it comes nearer, you hear the cry of Hosanna! Hosanna! and as the curtain rises, people fill the stage, exactly as they should under the circumstances, waving palm branches, and strewing them upon the road. Now, the whole of the middle stage can be seen, and for its background, real hills and sky tend to remove the idea that it is a stage at all. On either side extend streets beneath high walls, from whose summit grow palms. These wave inarticulately in the air, and this one thing (in my mind) added greatly to the scene.

All eyes are now strained to catch a glimpse of the Christus, and finally he comes, sitting sideway on an ass, clad in a mauve garment, with a seamless cloak of magenta about him.

The people break forth into a song of the most impromptu type as he advances, saying: "All hail! all hail! O David's son." You notice his companions are poorly dressed, and carry long

staffs, to help them on their journey. The crowd surge, move, go in and out from the middle stage to the streets, and then on to the very front of the stage, many of them exchanging satisfied glances with their kindred and friends, at the coming of Christ.

As the chorus ceases, priests and scribes enter from one of the side streets, gesticulating and talking earnestly among themselves at such an ovation expended upon this poor, unknown, and to them, audacious Galilean.

They are richly dressed, visibly puffed up with pride and anger, and much worried withal, as to the outcome of this demonstration.

Now comes the supreme moment ! Christ, having quietly left the ass, comes out on to the stage by one of the streets, and you wait in impatience for him to speak. His face you cannot criticise, except that you would have Mayr ten years younger, and when he says, "What do I see ? The house of my father dishonored in such a way !" your attention is directed to the center of the stage, which, quite unnoticed by you, has been transformed into the portico of the temple at Jerusalem. People engaged in trade are oblivious of Christ's presence, until he bursts forth in angry remonstrance, turning over the money tables and freeing the doves.

These fly directly over our heads towards the village, and, with their disappearance, Christ calms himself, and never again do we hear him remonstrate, except in gentlest tones. Yes, Mayr's voice was most liquid and sweet, and my only regret, as a Protestant, was, that he did not follow the familiar texts of our gospels, instead of using a version of it.

This act of the Christus causes a tumult among the reprobated people, and the clever priests and wily members of the Sanhedrim catch at their anger, and urge them to attack this audacious man. He prophesying to them about the downfall of Jerusalem, enters the Temple.

The third scene shows us Caiaphas, Annas and Nathaniel, the foremost of the Sanhedrim, in consultation. All of these men are very wonderful. Each has a grand voice, and their dialogue is more natural and impetuous than I can ever describe to you.

They are interrupted in the fourth scene by the irate merchants, who urge them to present their complaint before the Sanhedrim. Like drowning men, they catch at this straw of comfort, viz.: the righteous indignation of Christ.

As the big curtain falls, I find one hour has flown during this, the first representation or act.

A sigh goes through the audience, which

increases to a murmur, not so loud but that the twitter of happy birds, flying in and out of the Gedeck, seems almost a disturbance.

Yes, without doubt, the audience is *en rapport* with it, and too much praise cannot be given the entire company, that so ably sustained their promise during the summer of '90, to give twenty-five regular, and as many more extra, performances of this great drama.

The second representation had four scenes, also.

1st. The assembly of the Sanhedrim.

2d. Caiaphas' promise to them to annihilate the impostor.

3d. The interview with the angry merchants.

4th. The Sanhedrim congratulating themselves that victory is within reach.

This consumes probably forty-five minutes, and every dialogue and scene is replete with natural motion and interest.

Annas—Franz Rutz, Sen.—is already a friend of ours, and we have his Schneidermeister card, giving his house as No. 52; and on one side of it the announcement that Elise Rutz sells candy, cake, etc., at the same number.

The murmur that follows this representation shows unanimous approval, and is only stilled by the chorus, which files out directly the curtain goes down.

The third representation was, next to the crucifixion, the most touching.

The first tableau is of Tobias taking leave of his mother. For two minutes the figures are perfectly posed for our view, the only motion in the picture being the angel's gown, which is stirred by the wind.

The chorus meanwhile chant a farewell.

The second tableau, which emphasizes the coming parting of Christ from his mother, is of the loving bride lamenting over her absent spouse, from Solomon's songs. This was given as a solo by one of the chorus in a most pathetic voice, and when the chorus take up the consolatory reply of the daughters of Jerusalem, the melodious ensemble cannot fail to bring tears to even the most stoical eye.

The first scene gives us Christ with his disciples for the first time. How exactly like they are to what we have always fancied them! Philip, no longer young, with gray beard; Andrew, alert and business-like; Peter, the fisherman, also gray hair and short, curling beard; John, young, gentle, and always near Christ; Judas, stalwart, dark-haired and nervous to a degree, and Simon, a dear old man one loved from the first.

The second scene is near Simon's house. Mary Magdelene and Martha welcome Christ as he

approaches. Never was I so thrilled, as by the Magdelene, saying, "Rabbi! Rabbi!" as she pressed toward him. Had she never spoken again her mark would have been made.

The third scene is in Simon's house. The table is spread, and in the rear three open windows give views of natural trees and hills. Peter beseeches Christ to remain there. His every motion tells, and he is clad in a blue gown with yellow mantle. Here the Magdelene enters, and, gliding to the feet of Christ, annooints his feet with rare ointment and wipes them veritably with her hair. Again comes her "Rabbi! Rabbi!" which goes to your very soul.

Judas here demonstrates at the extravagance of Magdelene's act, and is only silenced when Christ gently reproves him.

In the fourth scene he bids them farewell, and in the fifth scene the parting from his mother would break even a heart of stone! This occupies twenty minutes and is the best effort of Rosa Lang, the beautiful daughter of the Burgomaster, who is Caiaphas. She is much too young for her son and dresses exactly like the Carlo Dolci Madonnas; but I was told the incongruity was explained by the fact that the people never thought the Virgin Mother ever became old, and so, if they were satisfied, we should be.

The fourth representation shows us Christ on the road to Jerusalem. John and Peter are sent ahead to prepare the passover, John lovely in an apple-green gown, and wine-red mantle. Judas demurs about going. Dathan and his companions approach him, and this scene where Judas, being tempted, promises Christ's betrayal, is truly wonderful.

The final and sixth scene takes twenty minutes and is a soliloquy by Judas.

The fifth representation began at 10.20 o'clock. Huge white clouds have arisen from behind the stage, and I begin to fear rain is coming.

This has but two scenes, and is preceded by two admirable pictures ; in the second, grapes brought from Canaan foreshadow the Holy Supper.

To this, John and Peter, having gone ahead to prepare it, welcome Christ and the other disciples.

The stage setting is after the familiar Da Vinci in Milan, and any one who has ever communed in memory of this last feast, could not help but appreciate this farewell gift, the closest bond, next to prayer, between Christ and his followers.

The curtain rises upon them seated. After a short conversation, Christ removes his mantle, and girding a towel about him, washes one foot of each disciple, sometimes the right, sometimes the left, going from one to the other, until all is fin-

ished. Beginning with Peter, he comes to John last. 'Tis all done with gentle deliberation. Judas meanwhile looks pensive and unhappy.

Then comes the communion. The bread is the cinnamon and sugar-covered coffee bread of the Germans, and 'tis all passed with a quiet composure most wonderful to behold. Then the sop is given Judas, after which he goes out. Christ bids them farewell, Peter avers fidelity, and at 10.55 this scene ends.

The sixth representation is preceded by a tableau of Joseph sold into Egypt, and one other. Joseph, a regular peasant lad, is scantily clad, his legs are bare, and the part where he wears his Tyrolese stocking, is white, in contrast to the tan of his knee and ankle.

Here again we have the Sanhedrim, the bargain for Christ, and Judas's avaricious desire for the thirty pieces of silver, which one of the priests counts out with tantalizing slowness. Nicodemus remonstrates against this wicked bargain, and leaves the room.

Caiaphas, Annas and Nathaniel are in gorgeous robes, and the Pharisees are known by a brass band on their forehead, such as a *dienstmann* wears at all railway stations on his left arm to tell his number. This ends at 11.20 o'clock.

The seventh representation is prefaced by a

tableau of Adam, Eve and three children, naked but for lamb-skins thrown about them.

This has seven scenes.

First, Judas is seen guiding the guards to the Mount of Olives. Second and third, Christ in the garden receives the bitter cup from an angel's hand (wonderfully let down by invisible wires). Fourth, Judas approaches and betrays him.

It is now 12 o'clock exactly, so prompt has been each change in scene and chorus, and we have one hour and a half, after four hours of breathless excitement, in which to refresh ourselves.

The wind had come up since morning, but the clouds were settling nearer and nearer us, and I felt sure that before we were through rain would come. It was cold beyond expression. I sat wrapped in a Roman blanket, and the audience generally presented an incongruous appearance. But they were all in earnest and all enthralled. Luncheon being over, we hasten back. I am early enough to watch the people come in, for I want to see the ex-Empress Eugenie who has the left-hand box. She is still beautiful, is dressed in black, and her hair is quite gray.

Back of me, just under the Gedeck, a woman with two children comes in laden with a bag of something. Just as I am wondering what it might contain, the bag gives away, and the contents

(pears) come scampering, helter-skelter, down the inclined floor. She is German, and takes the occurrence with composure. It is too laughable to see her receiving her runaway goods from a score of men, who have rescued them at different stages of their journey, and, stranger still, this incident was a relief after all the strain that we had just passed through, and every witness took the occasion to exercise the risible muscles of his face.

The eighth representation began at 1.30 P. M., sharp, and everybody was seated promptly.

From now on the scenery is more varied. Annas appears at the door of his house to the right of the stage, and opposite a stir seems evident in the house of Pilate.

In the fifth scene, Peter and John come on together, and form a picture of youth and age; they demand from Annas the whereabouts of the Master.

Before the ninth representation, we have a tableau, where Jezebel is accused of counterfeiting Ahab's name, and where Job's wife and friends desire him to curse God.

In this, Christ is pushed through the multitude, which is rabid for his blood, on to Caiaphas' house, who desires his people to be firm. Judas, seeing this, begins to realize the harm that is coming

to the Master. In the hall of Caiaphas, Peter denies Christ, then repents bitterly, which bit of acting is his best, and the last scene shows us Christ being taunted in Caiaphas' house by the soldiers.

This ends at 2.25 P. M.

The tenth representation is opened by a picture of Cain, the type of Judas.

The second scene shows Judas before the Sanhedrim, begging for a knowledge of what is to befall his Master. This and the third scene are most impressive, the priests being in gorgeous raiment. Then as Judas goes out Christ is brought in and finally led away amid the cry of "Death to the Galilean!"

Before the eleventh representation, the picture shows Daniel in the lion's den. This is decidedly a masterpiece.

After this Jesus is brought before Pilate, and finally led up on the balcony. Pilate asks him, "What is truth?" While Pilate is wishing he never had heard of this man he would like to free, the Sanhedrim approach with a vast crowd. This scene is most varied and well conducted. All the by-play is perfect and natural. The last scene is Judas' farewell. His remorse is intense and I would I had space to quote from his words.

In the twelfth representation Christ is sent to

Herod. This scene was the only tiresome one I witnessed. Herod might have been better, and, unfortunately, you know in advance there is no reprieve for the Son of God, because none has been demanded.

Before the thirteenth representation, occurs the tableau of Joseph's coat being carried to his father. The chorus and solo here are most solemn, and the youth I had seen at the Rathhaus about tickets gave the solo. The music was good and harmonious throughout.

Again in the first scene is Christ brought before Pilate, this time by the Sanhedrim, headed by Caiaphas and a vast crowd, who, demanding Barabbas, cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

I realized for the first time here that German was spoken, for the German, "kreuzigen," to crucify, seemed as if nothing had been said, whereas the very worse had come to pass.

Before the fourteenth representation, Joseph in Egypt is seen to be honored by the king, and carried on shoulders of slaves, two darkey lads protecting his face from the sun's rays. All through this part, the music is grand, as if a supreme effort was made.

In the first scene Nathaniel calls on the people to 'throw themselves into the arms of the sacred Sanhedrim, which will save them, and they go *en*

*masse* to demand the sentence of Christ's crucifixion from Pilate. He begs them to desist, but they are decided in their demands, and, after washing his hands, he declares that he pronounces the sentence at the express wish of the priests, and, breaking his wand of office, exclaims, "Now take him and crucify him!" With this, Jesus is hustled off to Golgotha, and—more's the pity—without one friend in sight.

As the fifteenth representation commences, the rain begins to fall, but everybody is too absorbed to mind it.

The tableau shows Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness, as Christ shall be lifted up.

Now the chorus come out in black robes, as well as head-bands, girdles and sandals, the only thing to criticize in their part being that the music was not minor.

In the first scene, Mary comes in. Her gown is old pink and over it a robin's-egg blue mantle with white head drape. She is supported by John, and they are in search of Christ. Then comes the crowd, with Christ too weak after their ill-treatment to bear his immense cross. Simon of Cyrene throws himself into the breach, and as they pass, Mary and John behold it all. That they suffer untold agony is visible. Here a servant of Pilate comes in, bidding them stay the execution, but

Caiaphas is not to be balked in this, his dearest desire, and hurries them on.

In the sixteenth representation the chorus is still in black, and, despite the rain is coming down briskly, sing and do their part with fortitude. Here dull, thudding sounds send a chill to our souls and proclaim the fact that Christ is crucified. The curtain rises on Golgotha ; there is no longer any picture to typify the real tragedy. The young and old thieves are already on the crosses, at either side

Now, in our presence, Christ crucified is raised, and without doubt this is the most consummate piece of stage effect in the world to-day. How Mayr is nailed to the cross no one knows, but to all effect he is really crucified.

Now comes the grief of Mary, John and the Magdelene, who, as soon as the crucifixion is accomplished, are allowed to approach the cross. The whole scene is one familiar to every one. Then comes the "Mother, behold thy son," from the pale lips of the martyr, and as he expires after the sop, and the artificial earthquake comes, the rain descends and the real thunder echoes and re-echoes overhead, making the scene truly terrific and most appalling !

After his side is pierced he is then tenderly

taken down from the cross. This is perfectly managed, after which they place him at his mother's feet, dead.

This scene occupies fifteen minutes.

The seventeenth and last representation was marred by the rain, although the chorus went faithfully through with its part, having again on their colored garments. No umbrellas are allowed up, so at the beginning of the scene I cover myself with my rug and patiently await the resurrection. This last scene is quite needed, to help me smile again, since the reality of the crucifixion has been most harrowing.

Would I see it again? No, I could not, but because I have seen it I am a better Christian and honestly admire the hardy, pure and undefiled race of nineteenth-century peasants who can carry out such a representation. The detail throughout is marvellous, and one has to be very thankful that such is the fact.

Many have said it was absurd, others did not see it when in the neighborhood, because they had decided it was a fraud; but I think it is a piece of kindness, on the part of these people, that the world is *allowed* to see it. As to the compensation received being more than a nominal sum, I am prepared to contradict such a state-

ment. The actors are only paid for the extra week-day performances, that take them from home and field duties.

The rumor that the Passion Play of '90 was run by a syndicate of any kind is untrue, as I am informed officially, a bit of knowledge I went to some pains to obtain.

As I understand it, the play was produced, and all expenses borne, by the community who gave it. Therefore, the proceeds of tickets sold belonged to them. No doubt outside parties may have rented houses, or even built them, in the hope of filling them in the summer. If so, as owners of rooms, they received tickets for their guests. Cook and Gaze, no doubt, had some such arrangement, and hence they had the right to get ten-mark seats in advance, if they wanted to chance it.

Our landlord came from Munich, for the summer, but was originally from here.

We were simply too fatigued to go off that night, as did most of the audience, and so slept again quietly in our cosy beds, while the rain came down in torrents.

The next morning we left at eight o'clock for Oberau *via* Ettal, stopping on the way to visit its curious church and monastery, which is certainly unique.

A book, instead of pages, could alone do credit to this remarkable remnant of antiquity, which looks to me rooted in Oberammergau. Bone of its people's bone, flesh of their flesh, which, while it cannot harm, may be of use to quicken by chance dormant Christians, and I trust all who see it in 1900 will be as impressed and benefited as we were by our visit to this Alpine sanctuary.

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(From Buffalo Commercial, March 14th, 1891.)

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Supplemental to this are guide books for all quarters of the globe, including the latest issues of the standard works, with some rare volumes treating on parts of the world not often visited. The monthly journals issued by the tourists' offices are also on file, and serve as skeleton helps for those who desire to take the usual routes, or who prefer to be "personally conducted." Tours of this kind may be arranged through the bank.

Another feature of the Travelers' Room is a small bulletin board, which records the daily arrivals, both in New York and at foreign ports, of the principal steamers. This list is kept promptly up to date, and is of use to persons who are watching for the whereabouts of friends en route.

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